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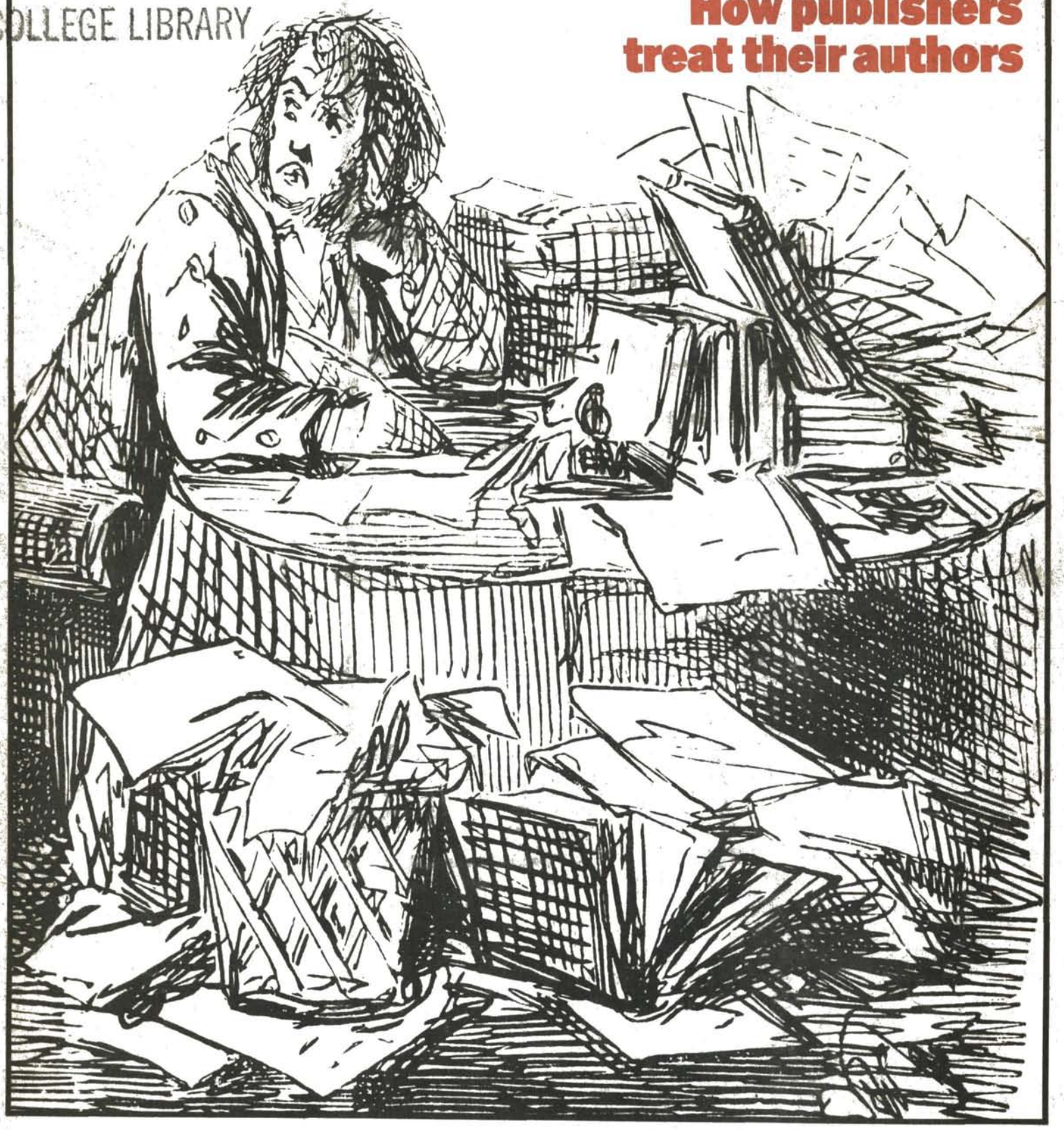

Rhetoric and reality in the Labour debate
Report from Iran
Moscow's pre-Olympic crack-down?

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NEW STATESMAN
Vol 99 13 June 1980 No 2569

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Detail from Leech cartoon in *Punch* (courtesy of Mary Evans Picture Library)

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NOTES

Rothschilds, the FO and the missing million

James Bartholomew writes from Hong Kong: The British Civil Service's practice of seconding top civil servants to private companies for practical experience in free enterprise has come to a particularly sticky end in the case of Mr Lambert Stewart Ross. In 1969 Mr Ross was a Counsellor at the Foreign Office when he was seconded to bankers NM Rothschild. By 1974 he had decamped from Rothschild's Hong Kong subsidiary, leaving them just over £1 million short. Last month, on the application of the Dorchester Hotel he finally bottomed out and was declared bankrupt.

Ross had held diplomatic appointments in Malaya, Indonesia, the Philippines and China. He liked to imply that he had many high connections and some secret ones — such as with the British Secret Service. He smoked cigars, ate at the best restaurants and drank well. He had an attractive French wife with tastes even more expensive than his own. When the Foreign Office wanted him back from Rothschilds for an important overseas trade job he said he wanted to stay at the bank and Rothschilds sent him off to run their comparatively small Hong Kong operation. He was appointed chairman and became a pillar of the financial establishment here.

But, according to a little noticed writ issued in 1978 by Rothschild companies domiciled in London, Hong Kong and Switzerland, he stole over £1 million from his employers in 1973/74. The writ maintains that he took cheques payable to three Rothschild companies and handed them to Deak and Co, a South African owned foreign exchange and precious metals-dealer in Hong Kong. Deak and Co allegedly credited Ross's account with the value of the cheques and passed them to the Chartered Bank, the second biggest in Hong Kong and a wholly-owned subsidiary of Standard and Chartered — the London Bank with major operations in Africa. Chartered Bank allegedly collected the cheques and passed the proceeds to Deak.

Since the writ was issued it has emerged that Ross endorsed the cheques despite the fact that he was not on Rothschild's cheque-signing list. Deak and Co had not obtained a copy of this list. Meanwhile, Chartered Bank is protected to a considerable extent by the provisions of the Bills of Exchange Ordinance relating to endorsements. Though how far these provisions will help Chartered over the cheques marked 'Account Payee only' will be for the court to decide.

The purpose of the exercise was to enable Ross to speculate in silver and gold. Unfortunately it all went wrong. He went short of silver at a time when it was rising because of the 1973 oil crisis. Despite his alleged misappropriation of funds from his employers he could not meet the margin calls and did a moonlight flit to Beirut, telling the *Financial Times* that he had gone to stay with friends 'on medical advice'. Rothschild claims in the writ that before he left he diverted HK$14.7 million (about £1.25 million).

Rothschild tried to get hold of him in the ensuing months. But the pursuit lost some of its urgency when Rothschild decided that he had not got away with a substantial amount (a view supported by the bankruptcy last month) and Ross threatened his former employer. According to a Hong Kong source he told Rothschild that if necessary, he would reveal the names of certain clients of its Swiss banking associate. This was a serious threat since it is a criminal offence in Switzerland to reveal the names of banking clients. And anyway, it is bad business.

Ross stayed in Beirut for a while and was said to be doing quite well. But last December he was convicted at Horseferry Road Magistrates Court of 'obtaining pecuniary advantage by deception' and 'possession of an offensive weapon.' He was given 12 months conditional discharge for the former offence and fined £25 for the latter. On 12 May he was adjudicated bankrupt.

Meanwhile, back in Hong Kong, the legal battle between the institutions is proceeding sedately. There must be a good chance of an out of court settlement. The mud flying about the court room could stick to several of the parties. For just as Rothschild would be decrying the handling of cheques by Deak and Chartered, so the latter would be questioning Rothschilds acumen in selecting and controlling its top men.

James Bartholomew is on the staff of the Far Eastern Economic Review

The limits of hypocrisy

Martin Bailey writes: Last month the *New Statesman* revealed that the Trade Secretary had recently appointed a Plymouth businessman with a police conviction to the Domestic Coal Consumers' Council. Local MP Alan Clark had been reported as saying that it was much more than a local scandal: 'The fact that the government department which appointed Speare was not even aware of his conviction raises serious questions about the way these posts are filled.' Details which have subsequently emerged in the row following the original article provide an even murkier insight into public life.

The person who originally proposed businessman Speare for inclusion in Whitehall's book of 'The Great and The Good' was none other than local MP Alan Clark. On 22 July 1975 Clark wrote to Speare to suggest a post with one of the nationalised industry consumer councils. He then added: 'I would have no hesitation in recommending you as being of national calibre and as a potential chairman (of one of the councils)'. The Tory MP ended his letter by asking for suggestions of other people 'one might usefully recommend in order to secure the diffusion of Conservative minded people on neutral bodies of this kind. . . '

Speare's name was duly inscribed among 'The Great and The Good'. Two years later the Plymouth businessman was convicted and found guilty of six offences of failing to declare an interest during council debates on the establishment of an open air market. A few days later on 12 July 1977, Clark again wrote to Speare: 'My dear Larry. . . congratulations on the abundant evidence of popular support which has been expressed since your conviction.'

The Tory MP concluded his letter by going so far as to encourage the convicted businessman to seek election to the House. Corresponding on Commons writing paper, he hoped that Speare 'would ultimately become a colleague of mine in this place'

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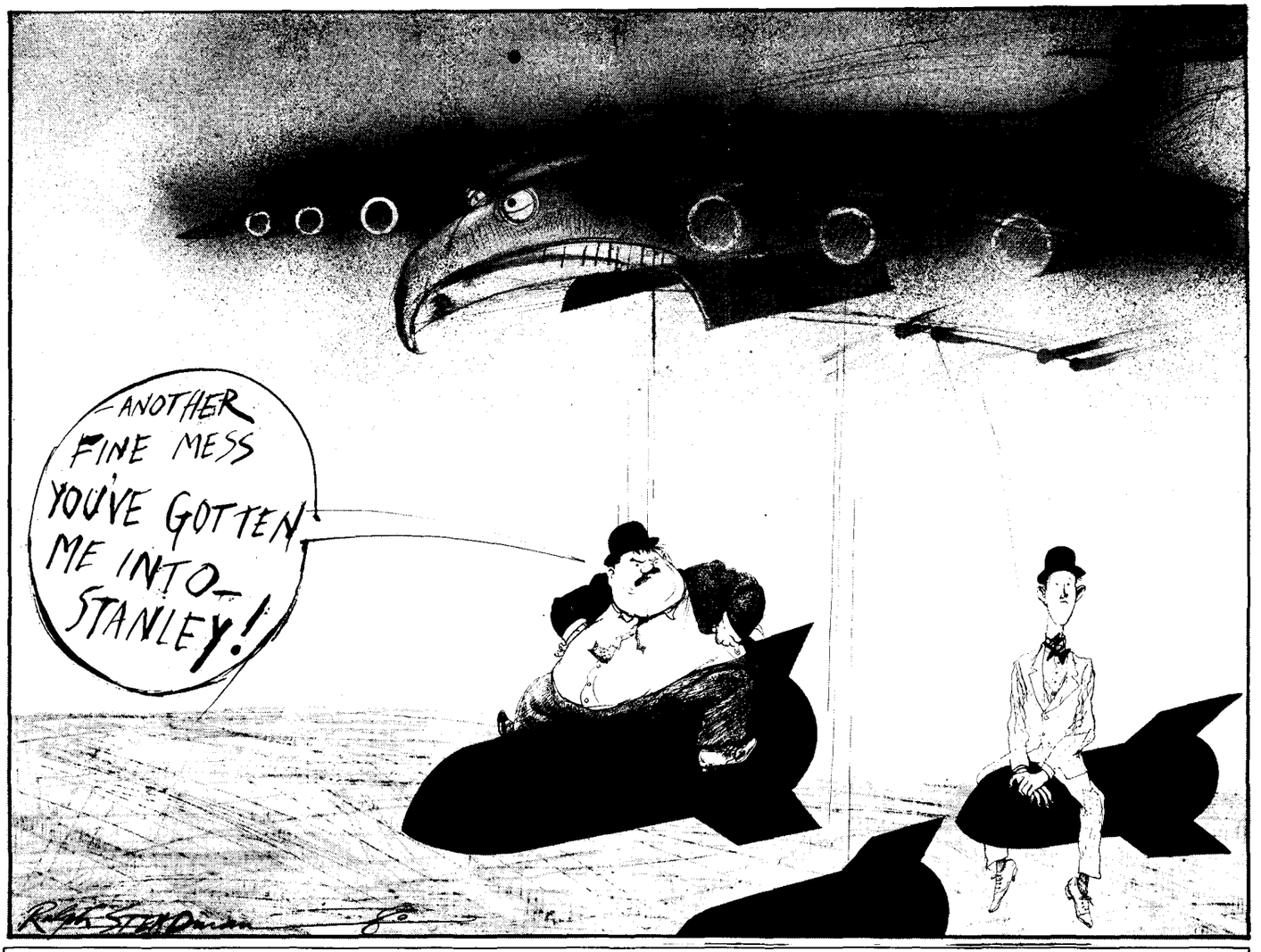

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and he himself was 'ready to give you such help as I can at the London end.'

During the past three years there has been a rift between Clark and Speare, and hence the recent attempt by the Plymouth MP to point an accusing finger at the businessman's appointment by the Department of Trade. But part of the responsibility must surely rest on Clark for first proposing Speare and then not informing the Trade Department of Speare's subsequent conviction.

A few days ago Clark was asked why he had written that he would be happy to see Speare as an MP when he claimed the businessman was unfit to sit on the Domestic Coal Consumers' Council. Clark told a local Plymouth newspaper: 'I think you will have to put it down to the hyperbole and hypocrisy that exists in personal communications in politics. Looking back on it, I suppose I carried the hypocrisy a little too far.'

Tory transport fantasies

Mick Hamer writes: Last week's road White Paper, which favours spending on massive motorway schemes at the expense of smaller roads (work on over 30 by-passes has been 'suspended') justifies its priorities in its first paragraph as follows:

> The first priority of the Government is national economic recovery. The road programme has to be judged in that context . . . New road schemes can bring undoubted economic advantages. Exports can reach their markets more quickly.

However the strength of these assertions — which are repeated on numerous occasions throughout the White Paper — does not match their validity. The basic flaw is that roads carry traffic in both directions: exports go out but imports come in. The road acts as a tariff barrier. Regionally, a better road — and a low tariff barrier — will enhance the attractions of an area: rich regions will benefit at the expense of the disadvantaged regions. In international trade, since Britain runs a balance of payments deficit in terms of weight, any advantage will accrue to the importer rather than the exporter.

These arguments were considered in some depth by the Leitch Committee — the Advisory Committee on Trunk Road Assessment. In 1978 the Committee told the government that the argument that new roads caused regional or general economic growth was 'weak and at best unproven'. Yet the White Paper says that the government has 'accepted the major recommendations of the Leitch Committee's report.' So I asked Norman Fowler about the apparent contradiction and what new evidence the Department of Transport had to support the White Paper's argument. In reply, Norman Fowler emphasised the 'very important and continuing role' which the Leitch Committee would have and that just because there was 'no automatic link between the two factors does not mean that you can discount the fact.' Road building, he concluded, was largely a matter of judgement and you had to use 'a certain amount of common sense'.

The law's blue movie show

Ron McKay writes: It's certainly the most bizarre and contradictory trial in Scottish legal history. In a small and stuffy court room in Glasgow Sheriff Court 15 young, male jurors are sitting through the days in darkness, blinds drawn, to enable them to better watch 80 hours of blue movies. With 2,276 magazines and 474 books still to be considered in the next five weeks even de Sade might blanch.

In the dock four elderly men are charged with 'shameless indecency' in that they did 'deprave and corrupt the morals of the lieges' and 'create in their minds inordinate and lustful desires.' The contradiction is that the material — if it is indeed capable of turning the lieges into slavering sex monsters — is being watched from the benches by members of the public who wander in daily to see the soundlessly torrid 8mm home movies.

The case against the owners of the Adulit Club — a back street porn vendor in Glasgow — is the culmination of a campaign by Scotland's principal legal officer, the Lord Advocate, against hard and soft porn. The campaign began 18 months ago when the Crown Office, abandoning the usual procedure against 'obscenity' in the Burgh Police Courts (the Obscene Publications Act does not apply in Scotland) disinterred the charge of 'shameless indecency' from Common Law, a charge that had not been used in Scotland for 135 years.

Common Law has the distinct advantage of being more punitive. The Burgh Police (Scotland) Act has a maximum penalty of £50 fine; the Common Law charge, for conviction by jury, has a maximum of two years in jail and unlimited fine. This is the first trial in front of jury — the previous rash of Common Law convictions have been in front of a Sheriff (maximum six months and £1,000) — and both prosecution and defence see the precedent.

The defence — presumably recognising the explicitly sexist nature of the material — objected to all female jurors and were left with 15 young men who, after a week, seem to have outworn giggles and now slump, in jeans and tee shirts, before yet another flickering ten-minute tangle of limbs and orifices.

The importance of the trial is that it will test the Lord Advocate's definition of obscenity which in the past 18 months has trawled in *Penthouse, Playboy* and cartoon comics distributed by WH Smith, as well as the hard core. Nineteen-year-old shop manageresses have found themselves with criminal convictions for being 'shamelessly indecent' because they had on their shelves *Men Only* and *Fiesta*.

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Political sackings in civil service

A correspondent writes: A major row is developing in the civil service over the sacking by the Department of Employment of two union activists, Phillip Cordell and Richard Cleverly, who have been fighting for better conditions in the Brixton Unemployment Benefit Office. The union, the CPSA, feel that the sackings, which take effect this month, indicate the government's hardening attitude towards trade union activists in the civil service. The CPSA are organising major industrial action this Friday over the sackings, including a march in South London.

The sackings come at the culmination of a two year struggle by CPSA members in Brixton to improve working conditions in what is probably the most dilapidated and overcrowded benefit office in London. The building, designed for a third of the staff employed, is frequently infested by vermin and fleas as well as having inadequate heating, filing cabinets and desks. Claimants have also suffered: their claims have been lost or simply piled into great mounds of paper. Last winter after a series of walk-outs, and in the face of a deadline from the branch, management backed down and a highly satisfactory agreement on staffing and improved premises was agreed.

Cordell and Cleverly, secretary and organiser respectively of the DE South London branch of the union, have each received two disciplinary penalties for 'unauthorised absence' to take part in union activities — picketing the union's head office over the 1979 pay claim and attending the lobby of parliament in February against the Corrie Bill in response to a circular from the union's general secretary Ken Thomas. Cordell has also been disciplined for sponsoring, in his capacity as sub-branch secretary, an advertisement against the National Front in a local paper. Cleverly's other offence was returning a day late from two weeks annual leave. DE management have totted up these offences and concluded three and out. Given the all-embracing nature of the 'unauthorised absence' offence, much previously legitimate trade union action could be undermined. It is particularly extraordinary since in each case the DE management were informed in advance of likely absence and did not respond by saying that disciplinary proceedings might result. No other CPSA members, outside Brixton, have been similarly disciplined.

Walker backs down on 245-T

Christopher Hitchens writes: The use of the deadly herbicide 245-T (exposed in the *New Statesman* by Judith Cook) is still being defended by officialdom. The bureaucrats at the Ministry of Agriculture have managed in the past to allay public concern, and bamboozle a Royal Commission on Environmental Pollution, by claiming that the amount of the stuff actually sprayed in Britain was 'only about 3 tonnes a year'. In Parliament last December this view was repeated on behalf of the government by Jerry Wiggin, junior Minister at the Ministry of Agriculture.

Thanks to the hard work of Dr Roger Thomas, Labour MP for Carmarthen, and the no less dogged efforts of the National Union of Agricultural Workers, this stand by the government and by the Ministry of Agriculture has been shown to be based on a lie. 245-T is being used in the United Kingdom at a rate *at least 20 and perhaps 100 times* that previously admitted.

The admission comes from an unimpeachable source. Earl Ferrers, Minister of State at the Ministry of Agriculture, gave a written reply to Dr Thomas dated 4 JUne. It says:

> The British Agrochemicals Association have just obtained for us details of the total supplies of herbicides containing 245-T which were marketed during 1977-9 for use in the United Kingdom. These were in 1977 about 46 tonnes, in 1978 about 52 tonnes and in 1979 about 58 tonnes of active ingredient.

Inquiries from the statistical office of the HM Customs and Excise also show that between 1975 and 1979, imports of 245-T amounted to 677 tonnes, and 116 tonnes in 1979 alone. This is *40 times* the amount quoted by the Advisory Committee on Pesticides of the Ministry of Agriculture. The sheer scale of the discrepancy between Jerry Wiggin's reply and Earl Ferrer's written statement means that the 'expertise' protecting Peter Walker is utterly threadbare.

Memo to literary establishment

Bruce Page writes: One difficulty in running a journal with literary interests — like the *New Statesman* — is the incidence of brass-bound philistinism among the nation's supposedly literate classes. By way of illustration: the *Spectator* enjoys the repute of being a citadel within which 'good writing' is defended from Yahoo corruptions. Its editor, an amiable cove named Alexander Chancellor, last week expressed bafflement over my remark that William Shawcross's demolition of Kissinger was notable for its 'maintenance of prose quality under pressure'. Surely, said he, someone who writes pleasingly does so under every circumstance?

The statement might convict its author of total ignorance about the very nature of writing. The following words (entitled *Woman! When I Behold Thee)* could hardly be less pleasing:

> My ear is open like a greedy shark
> To catch the tunings of a voice divine;

unless by comparison with the same performer's address to a Miss Wylie, whose charms he believed to be kept 'with such sweet privacy/That they seldom meet the eye/Of the little doves that fly/Round about with eager cry'. But in other circumstances, he was more pleasing — as when conceiving the nightingale's song to be

> Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
> Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
> She stood in tears amid the alien corn . . .

Most worthwhile writers, from John Keats downward, exhibit startling variations in quality: he's just an especially obvious case. The phenomenon is of some importance if one's interested in good writing, and in defending it against the disenchantment of the world. But it can't readily be discussed when the defenders of literature exhibit the prime symptoms of the disease which they purport to be deploring. Mary McCarthy was once very brutal about this kind of thing (perhaps more so than I would care to be): she called it 'the mirror on the whorehouse ceiling'.

Criminal Justice Bill

The Scottish Criminal Justice Bill has already created new powers of search and detention, both without arrest or charges. Now another inquisitorial element has been injected. NORMAN BUCHAN reports.

TUESDAY 3 JUNE was a black day for Scottish law — and for democracy. Our hopes, referred to in my last article, that we might at least one freedom loving Tory to vote with us to reject the new powers of search, were dashed. The Minister proposed, and the Chairman accepted, a closure on 'Clause Stand Part' — the basic debate on the principle — after two hour's debate to which the Minister did not even reply. He made one intervention — a significant one. They intend to give 'considerable publicity' to the new provisions. But any generalised publicity will, of course, run counter to the Minister's declaration that search will only take place if 'suspicion has crystallised' on a particular individual. 'It is not for posters' said the Minister 'to interpret the law. Indeed it is not for Ministers to interpret the law. Once Parliament has approved the clause, the courts interpret the law.'

Quite so. And there will be a clash between the general view of something akin to random search and the Minister's interpretation that it can only be where there is precise suspicion ('Certainty of suspicion' said the Solicitor General), centred on one individual. Ambiguity will remain in this most sensitive of all matters. Complaints will certainly proliferate. The Government has created a most uncertain weapon with which to control law and order.

Scottish law took another severe knock in the rest of the proceedings, which lasted till 9 a.m. the next morning. Our system of law — like that of England and Wales — is accusatorial. A man is arrested, charged and then accused in full court to establish his guilt or innocence. Into this they have now injected an inquisatorial element, called Judicial Examination. In theory this is designed to protect the innocent and confound the guilty. The government claims that the present balance is wrong because guilty people can, in the accusatorial system, first hear the evidence against them and then concoct their story. The Tories have thus decided to attack the right to silence, and shift the whole presumption from one of innocence to one of guilty. The examination will take place in chambers before the trial. The prosecutor will be able to put to the accused questions 'designed to elicit any explanation he may have to offer of the circumstances giving rise to the charge, e.g. mistaken identity. The accused will also be given the opportunity to comment on anything of an incriminating nature which he may have said extra-judicially.'

This will be conducted before the sheriff (judge). But even here the balance has now shifted. As regards the questioning by the prosecutor, the sheriff 'shall ensure that all questions are fairly put to, and understood by, the accused'. But in the case of the accused, his solicitor may only ask his client 'any question the purpose of which is to clarify any ambiguity in an answer given by the accused', and then only 'with the permission of the sheriff.'

The Law Society has attacked this as appearing to contravene Article 6(1) of the Convention of Human Rights: they quote the Commission on Human Rights as saying that an inherent element of 'fair trial' was the procedural equality of the accused with the prosecutor and that there had to be 'equality of arms'. The Law Society is right. There is no equality of arms between the conditions facing the defence and the prosecution in this procedure. We sought to delete the reference to 'permission of the sheriff' as inhibiting the defence. That was rejected. We sought to limit the examination only to any extra-judicial confession of some kind, which at least might have served the cause of protecting an innocent. This was also rejected.

We are left with a system which has stripped away certain safeguards for the innocent in trying to ensure the successful prosecution of the guilty. It is a dangerous step and everything possible must be done to wipe this out at Report stage.

One thing we welcomed was the sending of drunks to 'de-toxification' centres instead of to the cells. Yet this will only work if the government is prepared to spend enough money on these centres instead of leaving it to the charities.

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LABOUR PARTY

The minute particulars of socialism

BRUCE PAGE tries to explain why charges and counter-charges on the Labour battlefield produce little in the way of decisive encounters.

THE POLITICAL ATMOSPHERE within and around the Labour Party is now electric with challenges and battle-cries: for and against the EEC, for and against incomes policy, for and against Cruise missiles. In addition, there is energetic speculation about the potentialities of Mr Roy Jenkins — though his must be one of the few campaigns to have been opened by the commander raising his battle-standard to half-mast.

All this, in outline anyway, is as it should be The *New Statesman* argued last week that the 'proper, permanent condition' of a radical movement is one of internal warfare. But the multiplicity of arguments is not in itself enough: it is also necessary for them to be shaped with sufficient precision for them to engage decisively with one another. My belief, which I shall try to support by reference to recent pronouncements by Tony Benn, David Owen, Stuart Holland, Shirley Williams and the Common Market Safeguards Committee, is that the necessary precision is not yet manifest. We are still in the era of rhetorical addresses, well-enough suited to the rallying of particular faithful factions (or, more cynically, to the provision of shibboleths of loyalty in a contest over spoils), but ill-designed for the resolution of policy-issues. To suggest that the habit prevails across the party is not done in order to enjoy the luxury of cursing all the houses offered, but to draw attention to the fact that the party's chief problem doesn't lie in convincing voters that it is more left-wing or more right-wing. The underlying problem is to convince intelligent voters — against the record — that anything it says is likely to result in meaningful action.

We might begin with Mr Benn, since he is more by way of being a friend of the house than most of the major spokesfolk. In his recent Granada Guildhall lecture (NS 16 May) he rightly said that there had been a long period of illegitimate consensus about the management of British society, and that this was now breaking-down under economic pressure. 'Unfortunately . . . the power of capital used that consensus period to strengthen its relative position . . . The consolidation of capital into fewer and fewer hands . . . allowed the restraints imposed by national Parliaments, even with a Labour majority, to be sidestepped completely . . .' True. But Mr Benn, having been an influential figure in the Labour Party for nearly two decades, was a principal architect of that consensus. What's more, when Minister of Technology under Wilson, he actually encouraged mergers consolidating capital 'into fewer and fewer hands' (the process which led to GEC's formation being centrally representative). Indeed, he went so far as to say that the rather mild anti-merger policy of the Attlee government would have to be brushed aside were it to impede necessary consolidation: in other words, he contributed to the erosion of Parliamentary restraints against monopoly.

One does not ask Mr Benn to wallow in sackcloth and ashes to convince us of his present sincerity. But what one does want is some fairly detailed explanation of why he held such odd views in the later sixties — it was not necessary then, any more than now, to venture into Marxism to find good economists warning against unfettered capital-concentration. Galbraith alone might have done. Today, Mr Benn's listeners might get the impression that the problem derives from our accession to the Treaty of Rome. But the detailed truth is that much of the worst damage was done before then, under Labour, just when Germany, inside the EEC, was beginning to make some progress in merger-restraint. ([1])

Again, the Guildhall text says 'it should now be clear' that high wage-claims do not necessarily improve working-class incomes. But Michal Kalecki, perhaps the greatest of socialist economists, gave a theoretical account of this danger some twenty years ago, and the Cambridge Department of Applied Economics produced impressive empirical evidence (especially relating to taxation effects) while Ted Heath was still in power. ([2]) What one would like from Mr Benn is not a reiteration of the obvious, but some account of why the Parliamentary left did not know how to explain the point to trade-unionists during the wage-crisis of 1973-4.

ONE MUST carp a little more before shifting focus. Tony Benn's assertion is that 'de-industrialisation' — indeed an alarming phenomenon — must be met with massive public investment. Now, outright opponents of public investment surely exist, but in terms of Labour policy-making that matters little. What matters are the doubts of those who will accept public investment, but (a) don't yet see how a Labour government is to discriminate between useful and harmful investment decisions, or (b), more subtly, agree that low investment has been *associated* with our generally poor economic performance, but suspect that it is not the proximate cause in the failures which matter most. These doubts probably encompass a majority of those economically-sophisticated people who are prepared to sympathise with Labour.

The difficulty is not that the Bennites cannot produce instant answers (who can?) but rather that the nature of their rallying-calls, seemingly little altered by the past few years' experience of government industrial intervention, suggests a lack of interest in the questions. One especially critical economic failure has been in machine tools: even in the early seventies, NEDO studies cast doubt upon the received wisdom which nominated low investment as the chief villain in the case. Yet in 1974-5, both Tony Benn and his successor Eric Varley stuffed large quantities of public 'investment' into the failing Alfred Herbert combine: Mr Varley having 'no doubt' that this was a 'crucial' piece of re-industrialisation.

Last month, the National Institute of Economic & Social Research — regarded by Thatcherites as a hive of corruption — published an investigation of the machine-tool industry suggesting in much detail ([3]) that the investment in Alfred Herbert did positive harm, which might have been avoided by 'closer regard to the statistical facts'. The real trouble was, again, concentration: the Herbert combine was too unwieldy, employing as many as 15,000 people in an industry where conditions favour groups no more than 500-1,000 strong. Public patronage merely hurt workers and managers elsewhere, while doing no lasting good for the Herbert workforce.

The report goes on to put several more bullets through the 'low investment' explanation, and through the almost equally-revered notion that demand fluctuations ('stop-go') are the problem in this particular industry. And it provides some evidence for a much more convincing explanation: that market forces, having been given freer rein in Britain than in competitor-countries, have eroded the supply of highly-skilled labour. The argument is sophisticated, and if accepted might cause slight embarassment to the unions implicated in the process — while providing much more for the ideologues of Toryism. But the immediate question, perhaps, is whether this kind of evidence can be fitted into a rhetoric which depends for its cohesion on the assertion that low investment provides a watertight general explanation for British economic failure.

NOW TO EXAMINE the rhetorical method of an apparently different Labour politician, Dr David Owen — addressing himself, at the Wembley conference, to the fears about cruise missile deployment which are expressed by growing numbers of Labour supporters. Like Mr Benn's arguments, Dr Owen's may have the effect of enthusing those who are already committed to his support. But their fine texture is such as to require a heroic effort of will for anyone else to engage with them at all.

> Arguing against the party's opposition to the deployment of cruise missiles in Britain, Dr Owen said that allies and friends would not give us a place in disarmament negotiations if we had already made unilateral decisions. *(Guardian)*

He went on to invoke his own authority as someone 'who has been in these negotiations. If you enter into arms negotiations with your hands tied behind your back you will be deluding yourselves.' One might have thought that if Dr Owen was concerned to engage with left-wing opposition — as against exchanging a passing bellow with it — he would have avoided language which appeared to plagiarise Nye Bevan's most celebrated act of apostasy (as your Foreign Secretary, I cannot go 'naked into the conference chamber'). The wonder is not that he was barracked, but that he was not eaten on the spot.

More serious are the detailed consequences flowing from his invocation of our 'friends and allies'. Even if this means only the friends and allies of the British state, they cannot all be pressed legitimately in the cause of the cruise missile.

On page 888 Christopher Hitchens describes the case of the friend and ally Canada, which has renounced all nuclear weaponry. Survey-

1. See S. J. B. Prais, *The Rise of the Giant Firm in Britain.*

2. *Selected Essays on The Dynamics of The Capitalist Economy 1933-70*

3. *National Institute Economic Review, No. 92.*

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ing other allied states, one scarcely finds a unanimous welcome for the deployment on their soil of the Pentagon's latest bright idea. France, of course, is utterly recalcitrant. But on the cruise missile matter, Belgium is now in practice equivocal, Turkey flatly opposed, and Holland unpersuaded, while Germany and Italy remain willing only if others will go along with them. The truth is that our own state — under highly reactionary command — is distinguished from the European norm precisely because of its unwinking enthusiasm for American weaponry.

But one would expect a socialist spokesman at a party conference to mean something other than states when talking of 'friends and allies'. And when one looks at the allies which the *Labour Party* might recognise — socialists, social democrats, liberals, and national communists in other Western countries — the pattern is not so much one of equivocation about cruise missiles, but one of growing opposition to them. And opposition which looks increasingly for some British assistance.

Dr Owen's argument still follows the rhetorical mould which was commonplace — if scarcely appropriate — when the world seemed more obviously bi-polar and Manichean. 'Friends and allies', within such a context means principally the American defence establishment and its Whitehall satellites. After the experience of the last few years, such an argument cannot succeed inside any European socialist party except by main force: in other words it will not do 'except with a lamp-post for a second'; it cannot provide a basis for horse-trading or discussion with socialists of persuasions other than Dr Owen's, because its detailed form — contrary to the civilised usage of warfare — requires their unconditional surrender.

POSSIBLY ALL THIS seems horribly nit-picking, as when, instead of thrilling to Mr Benn's message, one drags him through the minutiae of the machine-tools industry. But then I'm concerned to argue that it is more nit-picking which is required to save the Labour Party — and whatever else, it's an argument one can make in excellent literary company. Addressing himself in *Jerusalem* to the 'Reasoners of Albion', William Blake demanded that all 'Indefinites' should be

> . . .pounded to dust & melted in the Furnaces
> of Affliction
> He who would do good to another must do it in
> Minute Particulars:
> General Good is the plea of the scoundrel,
> hypocrite & flatterer,
> For Art & Science cannot exist but in minutely
> organised Particulars
> And not in generalising Demonstrations of
> the Rational Power . . .

It is a hard lesson to remember, after so many years of nonsense about the 'broad brush-stroke' and the 'general picture'. Many of our people have been warned that they must carefully scrutinise the wood, rather than the trees, and few have encountered Collingwood's reminder that a wood is probably something to live in. The Labour Party is hardly the author of this situation — indeed, journalism is the chief citadel of the idea that 'facts' may be simply enough collected (preferably in minimal quantities) after which the rational power is entitled to generalise upon them. But naturally the radical principle suffers more than the conservative one: especially from the corollary heresies which state that art and science are inimical to each other, and that the accumulation of evidence requires no theoretical or moral initiative.

The allegedly serious press frequently exacerbates the situation when it aspires to provide a platform for socialist debate. As the requirement may be no more than to offset yards of introspection about the upper-suburban life-style, or the eccentricities of Lord Chalfont, there is little need to set a high standard, either in terms of socialist debate, or even general editorial rigour.

ROY HATTERSLEY'S recent full-page *Guardian* article, advocating incomes policy, was a case in point. One expects Mr Hattersley to be in favour of incomes policy, just as one expects Mr Benn to be in favour of more public investment and one expects to preacher to be against sin. But what one wants, from the politicians at least, is some account of how their beliefs relate to praxis.

Mr Hattersley was at the controls in the most recent attempt to keep an incomes policy in flight. Now, its grisly end, as I recall, came as a surprise to no-one except the characters in the cockpit, who smiled insouciantly all the way down, while the spectators winced and turned away. One cannot claim any great prescience because one wrote long before the 'winter of discontent' that the policy both would fail, and deserved to fail.

This was because the Callaghan administration made scarcely a token attempt to produce an incomes policy: after an initial burst of public relations activity, they settled for an obviously doomed project of trying to strong-arm trade union leaders into a policy of wage restraint alone. There was almost no attention to the politics of income and wealth distribution, even at the symbolic level (which is not to be ignored). The Royal Commission, after some mildly useful statistical devilling, was allowed to become a dead letter, and the government was soon left with no sanction to apply except the old line about keeping hold of nurse for fear of finding something worse — which only impresses people who haven't managed to grow up.

The idea that there would have to be a *political* content in an incomes policy is not exactly recondite or new-fangled. Keynes warned about it quite bluntly in 1944, when the so-called 'consensus' was being assembled — and was soundly ignored.

Indeed, he went further and suggested that formal economic science might not penetrate very far into this particular question of political economy. Dispute continues over the precision of his reasoning, but it seems sensible to regard an incomes policy (if considered possible) as a highly empirical enterprise: rather as in engineering one can distinguish between systems in which theory offers impressive assistance, and those, like aero-engines, which are amenable only to the build, bust and try-again approach.

This would suggest that anyone trying to run an incomes policy would be deeply interested in the empirical minutiae of personal income and reward. Yet Mr Hattersley and his colleagues in government displayed no such interest. They failed, for example, to grasp the point of King and Kay's investigations — which showed that tax-relief to the corporate sector had become so excessive as to demand, let alone justify, measures to relieve the pressure on personal incomes. They failed to take any notice of profits, although it was obvious that wage-restraint would produce for some efficient firm a profit-bonanza so large as to explode the 'policy'. When the obvious came to pass — at Ford's — the government castigated the unions.

Many people pointed out these, and other dangers at the time. What Mr Hattersley needs to provide now is not a statement that people who won't vote for incomes policy are bounders, but an account of how the last Labour government fell into so many obvious pitfalls, and how that experience might prevent it from doing so again. (It might be helpful, also, to take account of the latest empirical evidence, which shows something the NS hypothesised some time ago: namely, that little progress can be made with equitable incomes-policy until the problem of housing-finance is tackled.)[4]

YET THOSE who wish for such a debate must overcome a formidable bias against 'particulars'. It is alarming enough that we did not have a really sensible figure for the cost of Common Market until two weeks ago, when John Kay and Peter Kellner produced one in the *Sunday Times* (demolishing, en route, the Tory pretensions to have done a wonderful European deal). But far worse: it emerges from their inquiries that *no-one* had previously submitted the civil service to a proper invigilation over EEC costs. What was John Silkin *doing* when he was acquiring his reputation as The Man Brussels Couldn't Gag?

I find the cost of the EEC, as revealed by Kay and Kellner appalling. I would blame the incompetence of Whitehall, rather than the rapacity of Brussels: and would still pay it as a fee to the only body likely to moderate the Middle East situation (which I've never thought the 'allies' in Washington could do). But, beyond this, I'm certainly ready to be persuaded out of this pro-EEC belief on socialist grounds.

Such grounds don't include the suggestion of the Common Market Safeguards Committee that the Treaty of Rome prevents public investment and government intervention in industry. It is quite observable that several EEC governments have invested and intervened with considerable success, and that *our* failure owes nothing to the Treaty of Rome. Next minute, though, one finds Shirley Williams saying she's ready to debate the EEC issue — but she'll take her bat home if she loses the game.

Surely, the news-values of Fleet Street are part of the trouble. One Labour right-winger, admitting after sixteen beers to a row with Brian Sedgemore, is taken as evidence of tectonic political change. No matter how often and painfully his old friends have to deny him, Roy Jenkins is still Jesus Christ to the leader-writers. But much more is due to Labour's own intellectual habits.

Stuart Holland, writing in last week's *NS*, asserted that 'numerate monetarists' had been largely responsible for the nation's ills. It is hard to know where the remark leaves all those highly-numerate people who have laboured so hard to show that political monetarism is, specifically, a disease of the innumerate or semi-numerate. Presumably, it leaves them where they were when the fad actually attacked Labour's leadership: outside the ranks of influence.

4. Housing Policy, Taxation and REform. M. A. King and A. B. Atkinson, *Midland Bank Review*, Spring 1980.

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IRAN

Frank Harrow

The inhabitants of the Islamic Republic are expecting results

A revolution in middle age

IN THEIR LONG YEARS of campaigning abroad the student opponents of the Shah had two grand obsessions: occupying their country's embassies and consulates and calling international conferences to expose the cruel regime in Tehran. Now, fifteen months after the revolution, that second desire can be said to have been satisfied, at least in part. After several false starts the Royal Tehran Hilton, renamed the 'Liberation Hotel' for the duration, was host to almost three hundred delegates who, while they included the predictable leavening of comrades from the 'People's Friends' of the East (all hoping that not much would be made of Afghanistan), were an assembly of people of repute, although perhaps not fame, who joined with the hosts in making a fulsome condemnation of the previous regime and its American backers.

On the first obsession? Well of course since the revolution the embassies and consulates abroad have passed into the hands of the Islamic Republic and perhaps the role played by these 'nests of spies' in the past is now played by the 'nest' occupied in Tehran — the US embassy. As of old it is marched past and denounced and its documents revealed, if perhaps a little selectively. And it may well be that the documents which were handed around at the recent conference, as well as the eight volumes to come from the Central Bank, will finally persuade a blinkered media and world that they were in the past far too reluctant to publish or acknowledge the truth of the reality of the Shah's Iran — a corrupt and cruel place in which both the US and for that matter Britain played a role that they should not be proud of.

Media attention centred of course on the US delegation, travelling in defiance of President Carters' ban, headed by one-time Attorney General Ramsey Clark. One would have thought that with all his troubles in the US Clark would have had a smooth ride in Iran, but the new Iran is an unpredictable creature. While being feted by the Foreign Minister and President, Clark was subjected to considerable abuse from certain sections of the local media. Speaking in his party paper Ayatollah Mohammad Beheshti, one of the leaders of the Islamic Republic Party, called the Clark visit a 'Demagogic gesture. . .these kind of people. . .would not come to Iran against the wishes of their own government.' The National Radio simply described Clark as the 'most vile American agent.'

It may have been that the delegates found it as impossible to get out of the hotel as most of the press found it to get in, and they may thus have been left unaware of the controversy that surrounded themselves and just about everything else in the country. For as they were meeting, the new Parliament, the Majles, was also getting underway and like all things in Iran it could not begin without a purge.

AMONG THE FIRST to go was a member who was said to 'have been a feudal, living in the US for 23 years and married to two women'. Quite why the latter should be an offence in the Islamic Republic was not made clear. Once the challenging of deputies got underway it seemed to grow, and even members of the Investigating Commission found themselves under query. One, Khosrow Qashqaie, was briefly under arrest by Revolutionary Guards, accused by another Majles member of being a CIA agent; this provoked a minor armed clash in the southern city of Shiraz between members of the Qashqaie tribe and the local guards. After two weeks of purging, twenty members are still 'under investigation'.

As it is the Majles to whom Ayatollah Khomeini has given the task of resolving the hostage crisis and which has the constitutional duty to approve the appointment of both a Prime Minister and a government, the remark of one deputy to the Assembly's notetaker 'if it takes this long to agree on the membership then how can the President ever believe that they will agree on a Prime Minister' is to the point.

Camera Press

Ramsey Clark in Iran: a mixed reception

In fact the jockeying in the Majles is yet another reflection of the continuing antagonisms between the IRP-led clergy and the technocrats of Bani-Sadr. So deep are these becoming and so much of a hindrance to even an appearance of stability that the Imam himself is threatened with being dragged back into daily politics as deputies appeal to him to resolve the potential deadlock over choice of PM. It is difficult enough within the framework of the constitution for ordinary politicans to function but if at every stage things are to be referred to Khomeini then that could totally undermine both the elected President, any government and for that matter the Majles itself.

ALSO RUNNING concurrently with the conference was a rather nasty war in the Kurdish inhabited western parts of the country. Despite the President's claim that 'the government does not want to stage an all out war' the 26 day siege of the city of Sanandaj and the month long fighting over the small border town of Baneh have very much given the Kurds that impression. Unfortunately the largely American-trained Iranian army and airforce knows best how to use fire-power to crush its opponents, even if they be armed only with light weapons. Increasing dependence on military victory over the Kurds could well end up as increasing dependence on the military *per se*.

The claim made by Mr Bani-Sadr recently that 'the whole of Kurdistan will be within our control in one week' could turn sour as the guerrillas continue to take a steady toll of the Army and Revolutionary Guards from the safety of their mountain hideouts. Phantoms and heavy artillery of the sort used against the Kurdish towns are not going to bring peace and settlement any closer — and the mountain fighters knows that they have the beating of at least the Guards on their home ground.

Since the end of the conference the pitch of the thinly veiled abuse between the different factions has risen to almost fever proportions. The Imam's son-in-law says that Bani-Sadr was 'sent by god', Ayatollah Beheshti says that the President depends too much on 'those who swing like pendulums' and the President himself threatens to put on trial the opportunists.

All sides seem to be forgetting that their audience, the Iranian people, may be tired of the endless repetition of slogans and are suffering from inflation, steadily accumulating shortages and — even more importantly — an earnest desire to see some progress on the very issues that brought them out against the Shah. They now neither oppose nor frantically approve the hostage holding, but they do expect some results from it now that it has gone on for so long.

Opposition outside the inner circles is having a difficult time. Most of the leftist groups are for all purposes illegal and the publisher of the Fedayeen newspaper recently received a prison sentence. The radical Islamic Mojahedin experience almost daily attacks from 'stick-wielding persons' despite repeated claims by the President that he will use the security forces against these groups.

All in all it is difficult not to conclude that Iran's revolution is not in some danger as it passes over from youthful vigour into middle age without resolving many (if any) of the problems it was born with. Intolerance has become dangerously fashionable and the fragile institutions that have emerged from the revolution so far may not be able to stand up to the endless rounds of purges, many of them party political inspired rather than justified attempts to cleanse the state machine of the ardent supporters of the *ancien régime*.

Time is not on the side of the Islamic Republic if it decides, positively or by default, to spend its energies in internal conflicts rather than in reconstruction. The relative success of the international conference is a sign that Iran can manage, that it is not without well-wishers despite combined Western pressures. If only its new leaders would practise what they preach there would be a hope of fulfilling the promise of February 1979; if not, internal chaos, popular indifference and external pressure could combine to end the experiment before it has a chance to prove itself.

Tehran

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Gas production in the UK would be increased by the gas-gathering network recommended to the Government by a British Gas/Mobil study group. But though gas, like coal, could be converted into liquid fuels, any increased UK gas supplies would probably be taken up for heating and petrochemicals.

Nuclear expansion could be used to help curb Britain's oil dependence — provided popular disquiet over safety can be resolved. But that won't happen overnight. And long construction times mean that nuclear expansion won't have much impact before the mid-1990s.

Clearly, conventional substitutes can be only part of the solution. Which brings us back to the North Sea. There could well be enough undiscovered oil out there to maintain Britain's self-sufficiency beyond the 1990s. The Government's May announcement that it plans to release 90 more areas for exploration was therefore welcome news. What's needed next is *regular* release of attractive exploration rights, and approval to develop promising discoveries.

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RUSSIA
Bohdan Nahaylo

Soviet authorities face more than a 'pre-Olympic mop-up'

The Epidemic of Dissent

WESTERN REPORTING ON DISSENT in the Soviet Union tends to be sporadic (usually focusing on the better known dissenters) and superficial. While the Soviet authorities are at pains to reassure their population and convince their foreign critics that dissent in the USSR is simply a matter of an insignificant number of 'malcontents', 'traitors to the socialist fatherland' or 'madmen', the general impression that has gained currency in the West is that dissent concerns a small group of courageous, primarily Russian or Jewish, intellectuals.

The growing number of arrests and trials of dissenters in recent months, as the Moscow Olympics draw closer, have been attributed by most observers to a 'pre-Olympic cleansing operation'. But this could not explain the scale and significance of the present campaign. In fact, the 'pre-Olympic preventative exercise' has grown over the last few months into what is undoubtedly the most severe crackdown launched by the Soviet authorities since the emergence of organised dissent in the 1960s.

According to information issued by Amnesty International, over 100 people throughout the USSR are known to have been arrested or tried and sentenced to imprisonment for the peaceful exercise of their human rights in the six month period between October 1979 and April 1980. Since then, dozens more arrests and trials have become known, and the total figure is believed to be considerably higher. Usually reliable dissident sources indicate that the number of people subjected since last autumn to house searches, short-term detention, questioning, dismissal from work, beatings by 'unknown assailants' and other forms of harassment runs into thousands.

The scope of the current crackdown has revealed the resilience and remarkable diversity of dissent in the USSR. Some commentators predicted after the major assault on dissent in 1972 and again after the trials of Orlov, Ginsburg, Shcharansky, Lukyanenko and Petkus in 1978 that it would die down; but instead it has grown rapidly and expressed itself in new forms. The Soviet leadership is now apparently alarmed that it has reached epidemic proportions and is determined to contain it.

The main KGB targets of recent months have been key dissenters in the Baltic republics (Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia), the Ukraine and Moscow, particularly those known or suspected of being active in compiling and disseminating information about the violation of human, national or religious rights in the USSR. In the capital, the authorities have yet again attempted to suppress the journal of the Soviet human rights movement, *A Chronicle of Current Events,* which has been appearing in *samizdat* form since 1968 and of which the fifty-fifth issue is reported to be currently in preparation. Dr Andrei Sakharov — the internationally renowned human rights campaigner — has been forcibly banished without trial from Moscow to Gorky, and thereby placed out of reach of Western correspondents. Vyacheslav Bakhmin and Dr Leonard Ternovsky, both members of the 'Working Commission to Investigate the Abuse of Psychiatry for Political Purposes', have been arrested, as have members or associates of the 'Christian Committee to Defend Believers' Rights', Father Gleb Yakunin, Lev Regelson, Victor Kapitanchuk and Father Dmitry Dudko. Each of these unofficial groups has in recent years issued more than 1,000 pages of documentation.

Also hard hit have been the Moscow, Ukrainian and Lithuanian groups monitoring the Soviet government's compliance with the Helsinki accords. In Moscow, arrests have included the prominent human rights campaigners, Malva Landa and Viktor Nekipelov, and, in Lithuania, Algirdas Statkevicius and Vytautas Skuodis. The Ukrainian Helsinki monitoring group has, as in the past, taken the heaviest blow. Since the latest assault on it began in early 1979, no less than twelve of its members have been arrested or tried and given sentences ranging from two to nine years imprisonment and internal exile.

THE RECENT UPSURGE in nationalism — a force whose strength and importance in the USSR is still to be fully appreciated by many Western observers — is clearly a major headache for the leaders of the world's largest multinational state. Their fear of an increasingly assertive political nationalism among many of the non-Russian nationalities (who now constitute almost half the Soviet population of 262 million) is evident from the number of arrests and the harsher sentences generally meted out to dissenters from among the national minorities. For non-Russian dissenters, the campaign for human rights is inseparable from the struggle for national rights. They resent the dominance of the Russian majority nation and are adamantly opposed to the official nationalities policy which they regard as nothing less than imposed Russification.

In the last year the Soviet authorities have further aroused the sensitivities of the national minorities by their promotion of the Russian language among non-Russians, including the introduction of Russian in nursery schools. To cite just one example, in the autumn of 1979, over 5000 Lithuanians are known to have signed a statement of protest.

A sizeable proportion of those affected by repressive measures are religious believers, primarily members of unregistered congregations. Over 60 Baptists are reported to have been arrested and at the beginning of this year the main clandestine Baptist printing press was discovered by the authorities in the central Ukraine. The number of arrested Seventh Day Adventists appears to be almost as high and several hundred of them are reported to have been subjected to house searches.

The authorities have attempted to break up the 'Christian Seminar on Problems of Religious Revival', an informal Moscow-based study group composed predominantly of young Russian Orthodox Christians. In recent months five of its members have been tried and sentenced to between eighteen months' and eight years' imprisonment and internal exile, while at least two others have been forcibly confined in mental hospitals. Moreover, in Lithuania members of a 'Catholic Committee for the Defence of Believers' Rights in the USSR' are reported to be under pressure from the KGB to cease their activities and recently in the Ukraine, Father Myron Sazhurakivsky, a Ukrainian Orthodox priest who attempted to publicise the persecution of religious believers in his republic, has been arrested.

Other targets have been the Crimean Tartars who are still peacefully campaigning for the right to live in their historic homeland from which they were forcibly deported in 1944; and Jews, Germans and others seeking the right to emigrate and conscientious objectors to military service. Discontented workers who have attempted to establish independent trade unions, such as Mikhail Solovov, have been imprisoned; others, such as Anatoly Poznyakov have been shut up in lunatic asylums. In Leningrad, three members of an underground group calling itself 'The Movement of Revolutionary Communards' have been imprisoned only months after a 'New Left' group was broken up there by the KGB.

In Kiev, a would-be organiser of a 'Committee of Former Prisoners of Fascist Concentration Camps' has been imprisoned, while in Moscow, members of the 'Group to Defend the Rights of the Disabled' have been threatened with arrest. Furthermore, the authorities have attempted to suppress the various *samizdat* journals and have, for instance, arrested three editors of the socio-philosophical journal *Searches* and threatened with arrest the editors of the new feminist journal *Women and Russia.*

The authorities have preferred to arrest dissenters for ostensibly non-political offences and to convict them on false criminal charges such as 'hooliganism', 'resisting the police' and 'parasitism' (which may consist merely of not having paid employment for four months in succession). In other cases, further charges have been brought against political prisoners before expiry of their sentences in order to extend their detention. The leading Ukrainian human and national rights campaigner Vyacheslav Chornovil, for example, was re-arrested in April 1980, three months before the expiry of an eight year term of imprisonment and internal exile. Likewise, the Russian Orthodox activist, Alexander Ogorodnikov, was not released in November 1979 on expiry of his one-year term of imprisonment but charged instead with an even more serious offence. Others, such as the Lithuanian, Arvidas Chehanavicius and the Ukrainian poet, Vasyl Stus, have been rearrested shortly after being released on completion of their sentences.

Although dissent until now has been a mass movement only among some of the non-Russian minorities, notably the Lithuanians and Crimean Tatars, it is endemic and spreading. In view of the growing difficulties faced by Soviet leaders from economic stagnation at home to embroilment in Afghanistan and unrest in Eastern Europe, they can clearly do without (for example) the already substantial criticism from dissenters of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, or the symbolic gestures of mutual support among dissenters in Poland, Czechoslovakia and the USSR. It remains to be seen whether, in a few months' time on the eve of the Madrid review conference, Western observers will be writing about a 'post-Olympics clean-up' in the USSR.

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But developing the technology is one thing; putting it into large-scale practice is quite another. The idea of harnessing tidal power, for example, has been around since at least 1910, when Lloyd George's Cabinet debated the merits of a barrier across the Severn Estuary. Now, 70 years later, the latest Government report says the project is 'technically feasible' . . . but that its economics are still uncertain. Construction is unlikely to start before the late '80s, and could take 15 years to complete. In little over half that time, the oil industry could probably find and develop a new generation of new North Sea oilfields.

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ARMS RACE
Christopher Hitchens

Why can't British 'socialists' follow the example of Trudeau's Liberals?

Canada's nuclear departure

SPEAKING RECENTLY to Labour's special conference, Dr David Owen remarked rather oddly that 'the party had these arguments some years ago. We do not want them again.' That would be an absurd enough position to take on any subject, but Dr Owen was speaking about the arms race and Britain's part in it as if nothing had changed since Hugh Gaitskell dodged the issue in 1960. He went on, echoing the worn out theme of 'naked into the conference chamber', to warn that 'our allies and friends' would not give us a place in disarmament negotiations if we made unilateral decisions.

Who knows what Dr Owen counts as an ally and friend (the Shah of Iran being, on one unkind interpretation, the nearest he's got to having either)? Would he, for instance, count the government of Canada as among the members of our 'alliance'? Because, almost unnoticed, the Canadians have taken a decision which will remove nuclear weapons from their soil and from their armouries for good. They have taken this decision 'unilaterally' (some decisions, as Luther would put it, just have to be taken that way) and their status in international disarmament negotiations is at least as high as, say, Dr David Owen's when he was Foreign Secretary.

For an idea of the thinking behind the Canadian choice, one could do worse than quote Pierre Trudeau, in his address to the United Nations General Assembly on 26 May 1978. He said that the way of arresting the new arms race would be 'a strategy of suffocation, by depriving the arms race of the oxygen on which it feeds.' He went on:

> We have withdrawn from any nuclear role by Canada's armed forces in Europe and are now in the process of replacing with conventionally armed aircraft the nuclear-capable planes assigned to our forces in North America.

As a result, said Prime Minister Trudeau in words which make any British socialist sigh with envy, Canada has become:

> Not only the first country in the world with the capacity to produce nuclear weapons that chose not to do so, we are also the *first nuclear armed country to have chosen to divest itself of nuclear weapons* (my italics).
>
> We have not for more than a decade permitted Canadian uranium to be used for military purposes by any country. We are a country that maintains strict controls over exports of military equipment and does not export any to areas of tension or actual conflict.

In the 1960s, Canada had a nuclear role within NATO and under the Norad (North American Air Defence) Treaty. This involved a nuclear capability using strike CF-104 aircraft and 'Honest John' rocket artillery stationed in Europe. It also involved the deployment of CF 101 aircraft, with air-to-air nuclear tipped missiles, in North America. Canada maintained an additional nuclear 'profile' in positioning Bomarc surface-to-air missiles against a projected threat from Soviet manned bombers. This policy, taken together, tied Canada into the nuclear deterrent system and committed it to the stationing of non-Canadian nuclear warheads on its soil.

In 1969, a defence review decided to begin winding up this policy. Since then, a gradual modernisation of Canada's armed forces has had as its priority the removal of the nuclear element from its plans.

THE FIRST STEP was to end the nuclear capability in Europe, then, by means of ordering new and different equipment, to reduce and phase out the air-to-air and ground-to-air facilities. For instance, a contract has recently been let to acquire some 130 CF-18A aircraft which are intended to replace those currently stationed in Europe and North America. No provision is being made to arm these planes with nuclear weapons, and the necessary modifications will not be carried out. This means that, while Canada accepts the necessity of a strategic deterrent, it will retain its own sovereignty as a state with conventional armaments. Not only will Canada have no nuclear warheads, but it will also be without the delivery system which such a warhead requires.

In the end, this will lead to the removal of all remaining non-Canadian warheads now stockpiled on Canadian soil. There will be no point in keeping United States Air Force warheads on the premises if there are no planes capable of bearing them to a target. I spoke this week to Mr Geoffrey Pearson, Canada's advisor on disarmament and probably their next ambassador to the disarmament talks. He confirmed to me that the intention was to remove all nuclear warheads.

In parallel with this policy, Canada has taken a very rigorous stand on the provisions of the Non-Proliferation Treaty. The export of fissionable material is subjected to a whole battery of controls and regulations, many of which go beyond the usual fiction of 'international safeguards' — which have allowed Pakistan, Israel, Brazil and South Africa to become candidate members of the nuclear club. Western complicity was involved in all four of those examples but the Canadians have managed to avoid this taint even at the cost of some commercial sacrifice. As Pierre Trudeau put it:

> I make no apology for Canada's precedent-setting safeguards policy though it has been criticised by some as being too stringent. Canada is asking of others no more than what we have ourselves accepted voluntarily.... We did not think that the international safeguards system, as it stood, was likely to be equal to the problems posed by the advance of nuclear technology.

Canadian policy makes no distinction between 'capability' and 'intention'. It therefore avoids the hypocrisy of those powers who have supplied the wherewithal to other countries on the grounds that they are 'friendly' or pacific.

The idea of a 'non-nuclear weapon state' is a complex one, obviously helped along by Canada's special position in the Western alliance. But it did involve some hard decisions, taken with some attention to principle. And, funnily enough, Canada seems to have more presence rather than less where disarmament forums convene, and where peacekeeping forces are designed. There are, presumably, still some people who feel more secure and more 'internationally respected' when they listen to Dr David Owen.

Mike Phillips

Basil and Stuart's ball

Britain's ethnic newspapers over the last few weeks have been carrying a number of full page adverts for a 'Spring Ball', which was held last week at the Grosvenor Hotel. It was a typically Tory event ('Carriages at 2pm'), but the participants were mainly West Indian. The whole affair was part of the continuing Conservative attempts to woo the immigrant, which have gone unnoticed by most people, both black and white. This is because the thrust of Tory self-advertisement, in the case of the West Indian community, is carried by two Jamaican businessmen, Basil Lewis, a Haringey travel agent and councillor, and Stuart Weathers, owner of the Clapham plumbing firm 'Help'.

The dynamic duo are notorious for vying with each other for Conservative favour, and as the immigrant vote emerges in certain marginal constituencies as more and more important, they find themselves in greater demand at Central Office. So far Lewis has been thought to be ahead in the race for Tory esteem. He is a fervent admirer of Margaret Thatcher, and during the last election in Haringey, to the embarrassment of the Tory candidate who was trying to play down such issues in front of immigrant voters, he was loud in his support of law and order policies. He is, however, a small quiet man, eager to organise community events.

Weathers, on the other hand, is a flamboyant character, whose claims are as dashing as his suits. Some time ago he was said to be feeling disillusioned after failing to be elected to the executive of the local party, and he caused the Tories some embarrassment by kicking up a fuss when he was ushered to what he said was an obscure table at a Conservative function. He is also ostentatiously proud of his contacts with leading Conservatives, and pictures of himself with Heath and Thatcher adorn his office wall.

But there was no sign of coolness last week at the ball. It was all proper Conservative stuff, starting with tombola and ending with a speech from a Conservative Minister. Complimentary tickets had been handed out like confetti. One journalist expressed a mild wish to interview the plumber, and found his name prominently listed on the programme as an 'invited guest'. The Jamaica High Commission was issued a block of twenty tickets which it sent back before the event. But a large proportion of the West Indian business community turned out to see the fun.

They were treated to a fashion display; they were awarded prizes provided by Caribbean Airways and by that sturdy arm of reactionary Jamaican business interests, the *Gleaner;* and they were entertained by the spectacle of plumber Weathers wandering about with a large snake draped about his neck.

The Minister's speech was the expected exhortation. He said that the onus was on blacks to make their requirements known to the government, and this could only be done by taking a part in politics. The crowd of potential Conservative politicians took this less enthusiastically than might have been expected. As law-abiding, middle aged, anti-welfare state business persons, they found it hard to understand why the Tories hadn't sent along a spokesman from Trade and Industry, or an expert on small businesses, or even a tame peer to lend the event some social cachet. Instead, what they got was Patrick Jenkin, Secretary of State *for the Social Services,* and as if to ram the point home he was accompanied by John Wheeler, chairman of the Commons sub-committee, which reported recently on the sus laws and black youth. As one businessman commented after listening to Patrick Jenkin: 'Perhaps they're trying to tell us something'.

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UNION POWER

Six television programmes on Trade Unions and the role of the law in Labour Relations

Granada Television has invited a three-man Commission to conduct a public enquiry into the unions and the law, with particular reference to the Employment Bill now going through Parliament.

THE COMMISSIONERS

Sir KENNETH ALEXANDER
Principal Designate of Stirling University,
Chairman Highlands and Islands Development Board,
Former Chairman of Govan Shipbuilders

Sir ALEX JARRATT
Chairman and Chief Executive of Reed International,
Member of National Economic Development Council

Lord McCARTHY
Fellow of Nuffield College, Oxford
Member of TUC's Independent Review Committee

The Commission will take evidence from trade unionists, employers, managers, senior politicians and academics.

The enquiry will be televised and broadcast on the ITV network at noon each Sunday for six weeks starting next Sunday 15 June.

In the final programme on 20 July, the Commission will present its conclusions to the **Rt. Hon. JAMES PRIOR** MP, Secretary of State for Employment.

GRANADA TELEVISION

Union Power is the second of three linked initiatives by Granada on the role of the unions in the eighties. The first was the *Granada Guildhall Lectures* by James Prior, Tony Benn and Len Murray, and later this year Granada plans a new current affairs programme regularly reporting and analysing union affairs – the first of its kind on British television.

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LAW
Anthony Blair & Phil Jeffries

Court of Appeal approved unlimited jury-rigging by police

Interfering with justice

LAST WEEK the Court of Appeal gave its apparently unqualified approval to the controversial practice of jury vetting. Vincent Mason, an antique dealer, had been convicted by Northampton County Court for burglary and receiving stolen goods, and he wanted to appeal on the ground that he had been tried by a vetted jury. Lord Justice Lawton, Mr Justice Michael Davies and Mr Justice Balcombe refused to grant him leave.

The decision runs contrary to the spirit of the 1974 Juries Act; it ignores the guidelines for jury vetting laid down by the Attorney General in 1975; and it blandly dismisses a decision by Lord Denning, barely a month earlier, in which he called the entire practice 'unconstitutional'.

Under the Attorney General's guidelines, vetting was restricted to a very narrow category of cases — either where there was a pronounced political element, or in 'gang' cases where there was a danger that organised criminals might try to influence jurors. No vetting whatsoever, *in any case,* was to take place without the Attorney General's express consent. Even this small concession to vetting aroused much criticism. After all, the 1974 Juries Act said that no-one should be disqualified from jury service except in certain defined circumstances: a person who had served a prison or borstal term of at least three months in the last ten years would be disqualified, as would someone who had at any time served a prison term of five years or more. (Lawyers, police officers, members of prison boards of visitors and certain others are also disqualified, though obviously for different reasons.) Parliament could have provided wider criteria for disqualification, but chose not to.

Late in 1978, Attorney General Sam Silkin announced that he had been notified of only 25 cases of jury vetting since 1975, 14 in serious offences involving a political element and 11 in cases involving criminal gangs. He had been assured, he said, by the Association of Chief Police Officers that they were keeping to the guidelines.

However, as this case shows, some prosecuting authorities have been paying no attention to the guidelines or the law, and the assurances given to the Attorney General were incorrect. Apparently the Northampton police had blithely been vetting *all* jurors in *all* cases. The Court of Appeal not only sanctioned this without a word of criticism, but even congratulated the Northampton police on their 'common sense'.

The Court of Appeal reasoned that such a vetting was necessary to exclude disqualified jurors. Yet there was no reason for the police to have been involved. Court officials have access to the Criminal Records Office and could have ensured that disqualified citizens were never brought on to the jury panel in the first place. As a result of last week's decision, the police are now free to check all members of a jury panel against their files to see if anything is known about them. They can then pass on the information to the prosecution.

Even the criteria by which jurors are challenged are open to criticism. In the course of selecting the jury which tried Mason, the prosecutor asked four potential jurors to 'stand by for the Crown', on the basis of information supplied by the local police. One was known to a police witness and two had been 'positively linked' to criminal records and so were legitimately disqualified from jury service. But the last was merely *under suspicion* of having convictions for burglary and of having served a prison sentence; if true, this would have disqualified him. He was one of six people on the jury panel who had possible convictions marked against them on the basis of 'nothing more than a *similarity* of names' (emphasis added) with six people who had convictions on police records.

Until Mason's appeal, it was understood that a prosecutor could ask jurors to 'stand by' (i.e. challenge them) without giving any reasons, but he had to have reasons in mind which the court would accept; these reasons would have to be disclosed if a sufficient number of jurors were challenged to exhaust the panel. This belief was based on centuries of judicial interpretation of a 1305 ordinance which required that 'if they that sue for the king will challenge any of those jurors, they shall assign a cause certain, and the truth of the said challenge shall be inquired into according to the custom of court'. The ordinance is now embodied in Peel's Jury Act of 1925.

The Appeal Court judges reinterpreted the rule to the effect that there need be no acceptable reason for challenging jurors before the panel has been exhausted:

> *prosecuting counsel* had a right to request that a member of the jury panel should stand by and that that right could be exercised *without there being any provable valid objection,* until such time as the panel was exhausted; and if the Crown still wanted to exclude a member of the panel from the jury, a valid objection had to be shown (emphasis added).

There were 100 people on the jury panel at Northampton when Mason was tried. Even if half had been sitting on other juries at the time, the prosecuting counsel could still have objected arbitrarily to more than 30 in order to get the jury he wanted. The panel at the Old Bailey has more than 2,000 members.

So prosecution barristers can now ensure a much wider range of disqualification than Parliament evidently intended. The Court of Appeal has positively encouraged them to do so. Lord Justice Lawton even suggested it was permissable to exclude jurors convicted of road traffic offences! And why, indeed, should the prosecution stop there? The police can provide *any* information — and this may include, for example, details about jurors' political, moral or religious beliefs; or criminal charges for which they have been acquitted. It is worrying that the decision may give added encouragement to police to collect and use information of this kind.

DEFENCE COUNSEL, on the other hand, have a right to only three peremptory challenges. The Court of Appeal has ruled that the prosecution cannot be asked to give the defence its reason for challenging jurors; indeed no information about any of the jurors need be disclosed to the defence.

The Morris Committee on Jury Service, which reported in 1965, was told by the police that they themselves would find it 'very difficult to administer effectively' a system of checking jurors. The Report concluded:

> The procedure to which we object is that of asking the police to examine, in advance and as a general practice, the lists of those whom it is proposed to call for jury service, and our objection is that quite apart from the practical difficulty referred to, such a practice might be thought to amount to giving the police power to select juries.

In the United States, jury panels are vetted by prosecution and defence. However, English law has set its face against this, not simply because of the practical difficulties involved, nor even because of the power it may give to police, but because of the value it attaches to the interests of the jurors themselves. As Lord Denning said:

> If this sort of thing is to be allowed, what comes of a man's right to privacy? He is bound to serve on a jury when summoned. Is he therefore liable to have his past record raked up against him — and presented on a plate to prosecuting and defence lawyers who may use it to keep him out of the jury — and, who knows, it may become known to his neighobur and those about him?

The answer is that, since last week 'this sort of thing' is allowed.

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PARLIAMENT
Martin Bailey

Government have fiddled the figures on South African wages

More workers below the poverty line

IN THE ROW over the South African wages 'blacklist' an even more important aspect has gone unrecognised. Despite an attempt by the Department of Trade to disguise the figures, a careful calculation suggests that the number of black workers paid below the poverty line actually *rose* considerably last year.

The recent Department of Trade report attempts to put the facts in a positive light. British companies with over a 50 per cent share in subsidiaries in South Africa employed 105,000 black Africans last year, of which 103,000 were paid above the poverty datum line. In 1978, the report adds, 98,000 black Africans were employed, of which 95,000 were over the poverty line. A simple process of subtraction therefore suggests that the number of workers below the poverty line apparently fell from 3,000 to 2,000 last year.

But a closer examination of the available data reveals that the figures have been grossly distorted by the Government. Last year the Department of Trade published a blacklist of companies paying wages below the poverty datum line. This showed that in 1978 a total of "up to 2,505" Africans were under the poverty line — a figure which was then ingeniously rounded up to 3,000 in the latest report to give the false impression that substantial progress was being achieved in implementing the code of conduct.

But the Department has introduced another more serious distortion into the figures. The blacklist for 1978 actually shows that seventeen British companies were employing 787 workers below the poverty datum line. In addition one firm (Lonrho) is given as 'not known precisely, up to 1,718.' This curious wording — which was not the company's — disguises the precise number of workers involved, which was probably well below 1718. So, excluding the suspect Lonrho figure, the Department's data shows that the number of workers below the poverty datum line has increased almost two and a half times rather than fallen by a third, as they suggest.

When we come to the 'minimum effective level' (which is 50 per cent above the poverty datum line) the figures again show a serious deterioration in employment conditions. Once more the important numbers are not immediately clear from the Department of Trade report: it is simply stated that last year 85,000 out of 105,000 workers were paid above the minimum effective level. The 1978 figure was also 85,000, but in that year only 98,000 black Africans were employed by British subsidiaries. Again simple arithmetic shows that the number of workers being paid below the minimum effective level actually rose from 13,000 to 20,000 in 1979 — an increase of just over 50 per cent.

The Conservative Government's recent decision to try to keep the identity of the 33 companies on the blacklist secret represented another victory for forces within the Department of Trade which were less than enthusiastic about making the EEC code of conduct effective. Labour MP Michael Meacher recalls that when he was a Junior Minister at the department an attempt was made to give publicity on the code's implementation the "lowest possible profile".

At the end of 1977 the Department of Trade considered whether to publish data on the code for the years 1975-76. Meacher himself proposed an annual White Paper analyzing the company's submissions.

But some civil servants within the department argued against releasing any information at all. The question then went up to Trade Secretary Edmund Dell, and a compromise solution was adopted: the data was published in Hansard in answer to a Parliamentary Question on 13 December 1977. A similar means of releasing the information was subsequently adopted when a full report for the year 1978 was published in Hansard on 15 February 1979.

But it is not only the Government which showed little interest in making the South African code of conduct effective. Both Parliament and the press completely ignored the Department of Trade's new report when it was first released earlier this year. On 16 April 1980 a Parliamentary Question had been put down asking for a statement on the South African code of conduct. Junior Minister Norman Tebbit replied that an analysis of the code had been prepared, and it was available in the libraries of the House of Commons and the Department of Trade.On the same day the press office of the Department of Trade circulated copies to all the main Fleet Street newspapers.

The result was a deafening silence. No MP rose to ask why this year the list of companies paying poverty wages had been ommitted. No newspaper even mentioned the existence of the report. It was not until 25 May, more than a month after the report had been released, that Adam Raphael's report in the *Observer* finally set the ball rolling.

However, the Government's decision not to publish the blacklist backfired badly, with precisely the opposite effect to what was intended: the identity of the guilty companies has gradually been revealed in the press, the unreliability of the individual company submissions has become more widely appreciated; and there has been serious questioning of the whole validity of the code of conduct approach to British financial involvement in South Africa.

Shell admits importing South African coal

Don Thomson writes: South African coal is being imported into Britain through ports in South Wales. Government departments have refused to say who is behind this trade or whether the British Steel Corporation are buying the coal. Shell have admitted to the *New Statesman* that they are exporting the coal to most of Europe but they deny they have sold any coal direct to Britain. However, as Shell account for virtually all coal imported to Europe it is almost certainly their coal reaching Britain even if the precise channel through which it arrives here is unknown.

Shell freighters presently lying about three miles west of Rotterdam are carrying South African coal and a coal spot market has now developed in Rotterdam. According to an EEC publication *Coal Monthly Bulletin* over 15m tons of South African coal were sold in Europe last year, a 50 per cent increase on the previous year. The report lists France, with over 8m tons, as being the major importer followed by Denmark and Belgium. It also reveals that last year 34,000 tons slipped into Britain. But Shell has plans to increase this trade rapidly both to the UK and Scandinavian countries. They should find a ready market since it can be sold at half the price of British coal. The British miners' union is opposed to all foreign imports and is currently engaged in a battle to keep open a series of pits in South Wales which the National Coal Board say are unprofitable.

First news of the trade came recently when unionists at the giant Dutch steel company, Hoogovens learnt that as an experiment the company planned to use 50,000 tons of South African coal. They are now demanding this plan be cancelled. The coal, they say, would be extracted 'under inhuman conditions by black workers treated like slaves.' At the same time Peter Tait, General Secretary of the London-based Miners International Federation, received a complaint from their US union affiliate saying they suspected South African coal was being sold to Germany, converted into high grade coke, and then shipped to the States. They wanted to know who was behind this trade. For the past two weeks Tait has been making inquiries and is now convinced that efforts are being made to "hush-up" these imports.

The Rotterdam dockers are among the most militant in Europe, but have said they are not prepared to attempt a boycott in isolation from the rest of the trade union movement. They fear that any isolated action might drive Shell and any other companies involved to another European deep water port. They are also concerned about possible job losses on the docks. As a result the Dutch trade union confederation, the FNV, plans co-ordinated action. The FNV leads the European trade union movement in its opposition to apartheid and, unlike the TUC, favours economic boycotts of the Republic. But the FNV has failed to convince the Rotterdam municipal authorities to outlaw the coal landings.

The British NUM told me they did not know of the South African imports but believe through increasing evidence that oil multinationals were now scouring the globe for coal reserves to help them corner the world energy market. A National Coal Board spokesman — who did not appear to know about South African coal landings in the UK — told me that the Rotterdam spot market for coal was now comparable to the one which existed there for oil.

Clearly the trade union movement has been caught on the hop by the extent of this trade and they will have trouble mounting immediate co-ordinated counter-action. Previously it has been assumed that Shell's stake in the South African mining industry was part of a South African mining industry was part of a South African plan for conversion of coal into oil.

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Publish and be damned

A comparative survey of book contracts issued by 60 British publishers

Judged by its products, the British book publishing industry is a splendid example of private enterprise and private initiative. More than 500 imprints are listed in the *Writers' & Artists' Yearbook,* ranging from giants which publish several hundred titles a year to tiny outfits — an enthusiast, a typist and a cat to keep the mice from the stock. Out of this gloriously diverse emporium flowed about 42,000 titles last year, of which some 32,000 were original works. The trade's turnover in 1979 was in excess of £550 million. So what is there to grumble about? The answer emerges when one recalls that books are not only published, they are also written; behind the emporium there are working men and women, the authors. What return are they offered for their labour and skill?

To open a window into the current relationship between publisher and author, DAVID CAUTE, Chairman of the Books Committee of the Writers' Guild, has examined the standard printed contracts issued by 60 British book publishers, large and small. His report has been endorsed in its final form by the Society of Authors and the Writers' Guild of Great Britain. We thank both unions for their indispensable co-operation and support; likewise the many writers who made available their book contracts.

Situation of the writer, 1980

Ten years ago most book publishers responded with horror and indignation to the idea that their editorial staff should be represented by a trade union. Today there are NUJ Book Branch chapels operating in more than 50 publishing houses. Although writers, no less than editors and printers, need the protection of a union, few of them realise it.

Free-lance writing is a solitary, self-employed occupation, a cottage industry. Beset by anxiety, the writer sees within his own profession potential rivals rather than colleagues. Suspicious of unions, he is sceptical about the value of solidarity and collective action — his talent, after all, is unique. Humbly grateful when his latest manuscript finds favour, he may grouse and grumble about the terms offered until warned that he is free to take his work elsewhere. He has only the dimmest notion of what terms other authors obtain. And when a union brings him something tangible, even though he never joined it or paid his sub. — Public Lending Right is the most conspicuous example — he'll bank his cheque with an agnostic shrug. *Sauve qui peut,* back to work.

The academic writer is particularly vulnerable. Usually sustained by an institutional salary, he may regard his writing as a required 'credit' in advancing his career; in such cases the sole concern is to break into print.

Publishers, of course, thrive on the writer's isolation. It keeps one end of their business comfortably in the 19th century, in Gissing's Grub Street, while they bend the 20th-century part of their minds to the rigours of competition, to production, promotion and marketing. When a contract between publisher and author is drawn up, it will normally be the publisher who lays down the ground rules, who seizes the psychological advantage. The clauses of a standard printed contract are drafted by lawyers to promote the publisher's interests, not the writer's.

Almost every book publisher issues a standard printed contract. These vary enormously — the main subject of our inquiry. Although the stubborn or successful author will insist on more favourable terms, the novice — and indeed many professional writers struggling to make a living — will meekly accept most of the terms offered. His business is writing; the small print and legal phrasing confuse him, he isn't sure what 'first serial rights' or 'discounts' mean, his gaze is riveted by the amount of the advance, the one thing he really understands. He plucks up his courage to ask for an advance of £500 instead of £300: magnanimously the publisher offers £400. The contract is signed: the grievances emerge later.

Successful authors normally employ literary agents to represent them, but as often as not a new author cannot find an agent willing to accept him as a client. And while it is true that agents have a keen eye for the territorial clauses, rights assigned and financial clauses, not all of them are equally alert to other aspects of a contract — the author's control over his own text, or his participation in the production process for example. Besides, agents are still manoeuvering within the general *zeitgeist* imposed by publishers; a more fundamental revolution is urgently needed. It is not, however, a revolution that will diminish the vital role of good literary agents.

But let us imagine that the author, out of choice or necessity, must represent himself. The publisher knows all about markets, Australia, America, discounts, net returns, Book Club deals, paperback splits, bookshops. The writer doesn't. Nor does he comprehend clauses like the one following — with glazed eyes he prays that, whatever it may be, will never happen:

> The failure to exercise or the delay in exercising by either party hereto any of its rights powers or privileges hereunder shall not operate as a waiver of those or any other rights powers or privileges nor shall any single or partial exercise of any rights powers or privileges preclude any other or further exercise thereof or the exercise of any other right power or privilege and the rights and remedies herein provided shall be cumulative and not exclusive of any rights provided by law. (W.H. Allen *Publishing Agreement, clause 30.)*

Get it?

What then happens is that writers' unions emerge, fully conversant with the rules of the game and not liking them one bit. Their aim is not merely to improve the terms offered by publishers but — more fundamentally — to ensure that writers take part in laying down the contractual codes of the industry.

The Society of Authors has a long and successful history of protecting writers of books against exploitation. Its staff provide members with an expert and detailed 'vetting' of contracts. The Society's *Quick Guide to Publishing Contracts* provides an invaluable source of advice about the whole range of clauses which constitute a book contract. This report is greatly indebted to it.

The working relationship between the Society and the Writers' Guild is today increasingly close. While also providing advice to members about contractual problems, the Guild has during the last six years set its sights on establishing improved norms by means of Minimum Terms Agreements.

It's hard going. The fact that so small a proportion of writers join any organisation representing them provides publishers with an excuse to ignore or dismiss the demand for recognition as presumptuous. To date only 3 publishers (*Hamish Hamilton*, the *Journeyman Press* and *Spokesman Books*) have signed the Guild's Agreement. The normal response of publishers is not to negotiate, or argue the viability of particular clauses within the Minimum Terms Agreement. The typical response is this: 'Our business is our business — not yours. Every book is unique. Our authors are well satisfied: have you heard any complaints? Your Minimum Terms are naive and unrealistic — if we tried to apply them we'd either go out of business or have to drop from our list academic works, first novelists and poets. Is that what you want, to impoverish our national culture?'

What is not widely appreciated is that film and television writers are protected by Minimum Terms Agreements negotiated by the Writers' Guild, while radio writers benefit from similar Agreements negotiated by the Society of Authors and (in the case of dramatists) by the Guild. The same principle was last year successfully extended to the major subsidised theatres. These minimum terms provide a floor; the ceiling for successful writers remains open to negotiation and their agents thrive on the system. Indeed the managements of the BBC and the ITCA have come to welcome a system which brings sanity and order, a set of mutual obligations, a code of

CHRISTOPHER SINCLAIR-STEVENSON has worked at Hamish Hamilton for nearly 20 years, starting as an editor and becoming Managing Director in 1973. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge and took an honours degree in modern languages. He is the author of two works of military history, a study of the Jacobean Rebellions, and *Blood Royal,* a book about the first four Georges.

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ERNEST HECHT, 49, founded Souvenir Press 26 years ago after leaving university with two degrees and £250 capital. He publishes both Arthur Hailey and Pablo Neruda — and speaks six languages.

conduct for both sides, and a workable arbitration procedure in case of dispute. There is mutual respect. The writer finds his solution in solidarity.

Take the case of BBC drama rates. Today the going rate (the minimum, in effect) for an established playwright for a 60-minute teleplay is £2,450. In 1978 it was only £1,750 and in 1975 it was £1,150. These rises are the results of *collective bargaining*. When the Guild signed its first radio drama agreement, in collaboration with the Society of Authors, six years ago, the rate for an original play was £5.50 per minute; as a result of annual negotiations it is now £13 per minute. Four years ago an established playwright signed a contract with the National Theatre and was given £150 as an advance payment against royalties. That was before the National entered into a Minimum Terms Agreement with the Guild and the Theatre Writers' Union. Today that playwright would be guaranteed £2,000 for a finished play.

So unions for free-lance writers is not pie-in-the-sky. It's food in the stomach. It's also the dignity which comes with an equal relationship. Because they realise this, film, television and radio writers, as well as stage playwrights, have joined unions in large numbers. Until book writers (and there are far, far more of them at work than all the other categories combined) see the light and do the same, they have only themselves to blame if book publishers pop champagne cork to their folly.

Standard printed contracts

A comparative study of the standard printed contracts issued by individual, named publishers has not been attempted recently. Comparing the 60 contracts, we find a certain degree of uniformity as regards the non-financial conditions. But the point here is that the prevailing norms are often unacceptable and in need of radical revision. What stands out most clearly is the diversity of financial terms offered by publishers in the same line of business. This applies even to different imprints belonging to the same holding company — in a number of cases the publishers named are imprints, or divisions, of a larger firm. In short, the overall picture is one of anarchy. This can mean only that many authors are getting a raw deal.

Several words of warning. Many of the publishers who have obliged by checking and returning our fact-sheets, have emphasised that: (a) when negotiating with authors they often/normally deviate from their standard terms and grant more generous ones; (b) that only a proportion of the contracts they sign are unamended by negotiation; (c) that nowadays an increasing number of contracts are drafted by the author's agent.

This is all true. What we know, however, through long experience, is that publishers frame their standard contracts to protect their own interests, not the author's. We also know that the terms thus offered impress the new or inexperienced author as *the* rules of the business — the usual consequence being that such authors end up by accepting the majority of the terms offered.

Nevertheless, it must be stressed that *the standard printed contract issued by a publisher does not necessarily reflect the kind of deal that you may extract if you know what you are doing. It sheds more light on the terms you are likely to obtain if you don't know what you are doing.*

A second point. Many standard printed contracts leave vital clauses (notably royalty rates) blank — to be negotiated. It's impossible to compare a proposed royalty rate of 10 per cent with a blank percentage. The danger of a blank is that it means almost anything is possible. For example, one publisher is currently paying his academic authors nil royalties on the first 500, and sometimes 1,000, copies sold. His standard contract carries a blank royalty clause. In a properly regulated working relationship not everything should be possible: there are laws against child labour.

Finally, on a point of definition: we could not compare final, negotiated and signed contracts because they are both too numerous and too variable to provide any valid sample. We could compare only the *standard printed contracts framed for authors of original works* (excluding editors, translators and contracts between publisher and publisher for sub-licensed editions).

Accurate?

A standard contract is likely to contain at least 20 clauses. The present survey therefore involved the checking and re-checking of at least 1,200 clauses. For this reason the possibility of occasional error remains. We took the obvious step of verifying our facts by sending to each of the 60 publishers our reading of his/her standard printed contract. (Quite a few had originally declined or failed to provide their current contract, obliging us to rely on possibly obsolete contracts sent in by helpful authors.) We invited comments and asked the publishers kindly to enclose a copy of their current contract in substantiation of any disagreements with our reading. Some did not reply. Some sent dusty answers: 'You've got it wrong, yours sincerely . . .' But 35 out of the 60 publishers did send helpful and constructive responses within the month given.

Helpful replies from: *Allen & Unwin, Aquarian, Batsford, Blackwell, Bodley Head, BBC Publications, Butterworth, Calder, Cape, Chatto & Windus, Constable, David & Charles, Deutsch, Eyre Methuen, Faber, Futura, Robert Hale, Hamish Hamilton, Heinemann Educational, Hodder & Stoughton, Journeyman Press, Kaye & Ward, Ian Henry, MacDonald's, John Murray, New English Library, Oxford, Pan, Peter Owen, Routledge, Scolar, Sphere, Souvenir, Temple Smith, Virago.*

Of the corrections proposed, we gratefully accepted some but beg to differ about others. In particular, *explanations that the publisher often departs in practice from his standard printed contract must of necessity remain irrelevant to this survey.*

Lord Balogh, economic adviser to Harold Wilson's first government, argues that the brainpower of our academics is needed to reverse the vicious trend of economic decay.

In the first of a series on the relationship between government and higher education, he presses for a thorough reorganisation of decision-making machinery and an increasing role for academics.

Also in this week's paper:

- G R Elton in profile
- An economist's view of Finniston
- Anti-business culture and the universities
- Special number on philosophy books

THE TIMES Higher Education SUPPLEMENT

Every Friday

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Which Publishers?

Standard printed contracts issued by the following book imprints are analysed in the sections that follow. Dates indicate the year when the contract was issued to an author or sent on request:

Allen Lane, 1977; *Allen & Unwin,* 1979; *André Deutsch,* 1980; *Aquarian,* 1979; *Basil Blackwell,* 1980; *Batsford,* 1978; *Blackie,* 1980; *The Bodley Head,* 1980; *British Broadcasting Corporation Publications,* 1980; *Butterworths,* 1980; *Cassell,* 1980; *Chatto & Windus,* 1974; *Constable,* 1980; *David & Charles,* 1980; *Duckworth,* 1979; *Edward Arnold,* 1980; *Eyre Methuen,* 1980; *Faber,* 1980; *Futura,* 1980; *Hamish Hamilton*,* 1979; *Heinemann,* 1980; *Heinemann Educational,* 1980; *Hodder & Stoughton,* 1980; *Hutchinson,* 1980; *Ian Henry,* 1979; *John Calder,* 1980; *John Murray,* 1977; *John Wright,* 1980; *Jonathan Cape,* 1979; *Journeyman Press,* 1980; *Kaye & Ward,* 1979; *Longman Educational,* 1980; *Macdonald & Evans,* 1978; *Macdonald's,* 1980; *Macmillan Educational,* 1977; *Macmillan Press,* 1980; *Maurice Temple Smith,* 1980; *Michael Joseph,* 1968; *New English Library,* 1980; *Oxford University Press,* 1980; *Pan,* 1980; *Pelham,* 1979; *Penguin,* 1979; *Pergamon,* 1980; *Peter Owen,* 1980; *Pluto,* 1979; *Robert Hale,* 1980; *Routledge & Kegan Paul,* 1980; *Scolar Press,* 1977; *Secker & Warburg,* 1977; *Sidgwick & Jackson,* 1980; *Souvenir Press,* 1980; *Sphere,* 1979; *Star Books,* 1980; *Thames & Hudson,* 1977; *Victor Gollancz,* 1980; *Virago,* 1980; *Weidenfeld & Nicolson,* 1980; *W. H. Allen,* 1980; *William Collins,* 1979.

**The Hamish Hamilton standard printed contract referred to in this survey is not to be confused with the Minimum Terms Agreement between Hamish Hamilton and the Writers' Guild, which the publisher applies only to members of the Guild.*

1. Copyright

Your copyright in your book is your Virtue: never sell it, whatever the enticements (often a substantial single guaranteed payment for all rights). If you abandon your copyright you lose control of the text and may receive no remuneration for sub-licensed editions at home and abroad. Most publishers of 'general' books now recognise this golden rule, make no claim on the copyright, and merely require a license to publish the work in agreed territories for the legal term of your copyright (i.e. until 50 years after your death or, in the case of pseudonymous works, 50 years after first publication.)

But even this arrangement is unsatisfactory. The Guild's Minimum Terms Agreement assigns to the publisher a license for 10 years only. At the end of that period all rights must be re-negotiated. It is worth noting that when publishers sub-license certain volume (e.g. paperback) rights to other British publishers, they normally restrict the license to 8-10 years.

Only 3 contracts have come to light which require the author to relinquish his copyright: *Butterworths, Longman Educational* and *Macdonald & Evans.* But this may be deceptive. *Butterworths,* for example, also issue a printed contract which makes no claim on copyright. There are other publishers, including some in this survey, who require copyright when commissioning books for a series, etc. Advice: always resist.

GEORGE GRAHAM, **Chairman and Chief Executive of the Butterworth Group, has been a director of the International Publishing Corporation since 1974. Previously he ran McGraw-Hill's book operations in Europe, the Middle East and Africa. He is 59.**

2. Delivering the manuscript

You intend to write a book, or perhaps you have already completed the manuscript. It makes a difference because when a publisher *commissions* a book in advance and pays out some money on signature of the contract, he cannot be sure what he is going to get, or when, or if at all. Invariably the publisher will insert a date for delivering the typescript. What happens if you fail to meet the deadline?

Nineteen publishers make no reference to late delivery or non-delivery of the manuscript. But the other 41 issue warnings. Some allow a short period of grace (*Virago,* the most generous, offers 6 months beyond the deadline) but most stipulate severe penalties for late delivery.

> **The mildest penalty is non-publication and annulment of the contract:** *Allen Lane, Allen & Unwin, Aquarian, Batsford, Blackie, Blackwell, Butterworths, Chatto, Duckworth, Hamish Hamilton, Ian Henry, Kaye & Ward, Longman Educational, Macdonald & Evans, Macmillan Educational, Murray, Penguin, Pluto, Scolar, Virago, Wright.*

But some publishers go further, claiming the right to demand the return of the advance payment if you are late with the book.

> **Power to require return of advance payment:** *Cassell, Eyre Methuen, Heinemann, Oxford, Pergamon, Routledge, Sphere.*

More bad news, 13 publishers not only claim the right to require return of the advance if the manuscript is late, they also insist that if and when the book is completed it shall be offered to them on the original terms.

> **The 13 are:** *W. H. Allen, Bodley Head, David & Charles, Deutsch, Heinemann Educational, Hodder, Hutchinson, New English Library, Owen, Secker, Sidgwick, Thames & Hudson, Weidenfeld.*

Comment: if the publisher has annulled the contract then no part of it can thereafter be binding on the writer.

TREVOR D'CRUZ **joined New English Library in 1970 and became Managing Director in 1978. He is 41. A Chartered Accountant, he 'believes that his financial background is a useful counterbalance to people with strong editorial and marketing skills'.**

The Society's *Quick Guide* advises that the advance on signature should be non-returnable except when the author fails to deliver the manuscript. In practice the justice of the case depends on circumstances: (a) the author just drops the project; (b) the author is killed while researching the book; (c) variations on these extreme cases. The Guild's general view is that an advance on signature is 'risk money' which the publisher puts up to allow the writer to eat while at work on the book. The publisher will thereby not have to compete with rivals for the completed work.

3. Rejection of the work

Here again we are dealing only with commissioned works. Fifty-four publishers make no explicit reference to rejecting the finished work for publication. This is healthy in so far as it protects the writer if the publisher declines to publish and demands that the advance be repaid. (It happens.)

The obligation to publish the book if it has been conscientiously written according to the terms of the contract should be written into the contract. This enables the author to establish a breach of contract if it occurs and a claim for damages. Failure to publish can be particularly damaging when a book has been commissioned as part of a series and cannot be placed elsewhere.

The great majority of publishers' printed contracts ignore the author's right to be published. Only one, *Blackie* (gold medal), offers a negotiable sum 'in full discharge of all claims against the publisher' if the book is not published. *Butterworth, Ian Henry* and *Longman Educational* retain the right to annul the contract, whereupon all rights revert to the author. Worse is *Virago*'s right to demand a return of the advance as soon as the rejected work is sold to another publisher. Worse still is *John Wright's* power to demand a return of the advance within 14 days of rejecting the manuscript. *Routledge* in fact retains discretion to demand *immediate return of the advance.*

It is worth remembering that the editor who originally commissioned your book may have subsequently moved elsewhere, leaving behind him/her an antipathy for all that he/she conceived or touched. This is extremely common. Publishing is a highly mobile and volatile profession. Or your publisher may have decided that the market for the type of book he commissioned has since evaporated.

Advice: ensure that the second part of the advance, payable on delivery, must be paid unless the publisher can demonstrate to arbitrators that the finished work does not meet the technical requirements of the contract.

4. Integrity of the text

Only one publisher out of 60 actually declares without qualification that no changes shall be made to the text without the author's consent. Gold medal to *John Calder.* Usually this is an area which is left deliberately grey. *Pan, Macmillan Press* and *Virago* qualify author consultation by the author's obligation to be reasonable about consenting to proposed changes. Highly dangerous is *Routledge's* clause which stipulates that the contract shall be cancelled and *the advance returned* if the author does not consent to required changes in the text or to editing by a third party at the author's expense. Worst of all is *BBC Publications,* clause 1 of whose standard contract

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makes a unique claim: '. . . and the Corporation shall be at liberty at its discretion to omit or edit any matter contained in the work.' (A duty to the nation, no doubt.)

Comment: the best formula is 'no change in the text without the author's consent if the author is available' — though an exception may be made where the publisher is acting on written legal advice.

JOHN HOLMES has been General Manager of BBC Publications since 1972. As such he is responsible for general and educational books as well *Radio Times* and *The Listener*. A graduate of Cambridge University, Mr Holmes is 47.

5. Paying for illustrations

All but 6 out of 60 publishers state that the author must pay for illustrations, maps and copyright permissions. Five are silent on the subject; only *Journeyman Press* requires the publisher to pay.

Comment: Publishers will often pay for the illustrations if the author insists on it. The Guild Minimum Terms Agreement stipulates: *'The cost of photographs, illustrations, maps, etc., shall be borne by the Publisher.'*

6. Paying for proof corrections

This is precisely the kind of clause that writers tend to pass over with a glassy eye when reading a contract. Most publishers require the author to pay for the cost of his/her proof alterations when the cost of re-setting exceeds 10 per cent of the cost of typesetting the entire work. The lower the stated percentage, the more the author will have to pay.

Below 10%: *Peter Owen*, 7½%, *Macmillan Press*, *Pan* and *Temple Smith*, 5%. **Even worse** *Robert Hale*, 'above £6'. **Worst of all,** *Aquarian* and *Cape*: the author pays for the entire cost of his/her proof corrections.

W. H. Allen, David & Charles, Routledge and *Star* do not mention the author's liability. This may be dangerous because it does not necessarily mean that the publisher regards the author as being free of all liability to pay for proof corrections above a certain cost. A contract should always make clear the author's obligations.

The Society of Authors wisely recommends that the author should ask for and mark up 2 sets of proofs, to avoid any later argument about who was responsible for the alterations — the author or the publisher's editor.

7. Author's warranty

Another gloomy subject. This clause is phrased in the kind of legal language which switches the layman off — besides, it can't happen to me. Usually it won't but there are quite a lot of people who make a living sueing for libel, so be careful.

The standard warranty clause requires the author to indemnify the publisher against legal costs arising from actions for libel and defamation (all publishers), blasphemy (*W. H. Allen, Collins, Hutchinson, Star),* and obscenity (most publishers.)

If a passage is 'obscene' or 'blasphemous', then the publisher is in as good a position as you are to spot the danger before the book is published. So why indemnify the publisher?

Regarding the more dangerous areas of libel and defamation, both the Society of Authors and the Guild offer sound advice. The Society recommends that the author's liability should be confined to libels 'unknown to the publishers' (who sometimes take a calculated commercial risk for which the author should not be liable to indemnify them). The Guild's Minimum Terms Agreement contains the formula, now incorporated in *Journeyman*'s standard contract, that *to the best of the author's knowledge* the text contains nothing libellous or untrue. This cancels your liability to the publisher in respect of obscure persons utterly unknown to you who pop up claiming to be the model for the villain in your novel, or, more convincingly, that others will so assume because of certain correspondences like name, age and profession. This may seem a remote contingency but it happens quite frequently. Take no chances.

8. Manner of publication

All publishers insist that they shall have entire control of the manner of publication, including the jacket design, the blurb and the promotional material. Only *John Murray, Journeyman* and *Virago* mention consultation with the author in their printed contracts.

Most publishers swear that they consult the author whenever practical — but insist on making this a favour rather than a right. (To make it an effective right, some publishers would have to re-think their hectic, last-minute production scrambles.) The Society of Authors' *Quick Guide* recommends authors to insist on approving the blurb and biographical material for the jacket before it goes to press. The Guild's Minimum Terms Agreement stipulates the writer's approval must be obtained in respect of the blurb, copy editing, illustrations, presentation and publication date (such approval not to be unreasonably withheld). The writer must also be consulted about the design of the dust jacket.

CARMEN CALLIL, aged 41, is Chairman and Managing Director of Virago, which she founded in 1973 as an associate company of Quartet Books. Since becoming independent in 1977, Virago has published over 60 titles. Born in Australia, Carmen Callil came to Britain in 1960. Hers is the only standard contract among the 60 examined which refers to the author as 'she'.

9. Keeping the work 'up to date'

A prevalent clause requires you, at the publisher's behest, to revise and 'bring up to date' your book for second and subsequent editions. Novelists, poets and playwrights need not worry. On the other hand such a clause makes sense for manuals and reference books. The danger lies in the fact that if you don't want to bring your book 'up to date', or are otherwise engaged, the publisher may employ someone else to revise or extend your text *at your expense.* Only 13 out of 60 pubishers do not insert this dubious clause:

No 'up to date' clause: *BBC Publications, Calder, Chatto, Gollancz, Hale, Heinemann, Journeyman, Macmillan Educational, Michael Joseph, John Murray, Secker, Souvenir, Star*

Cassell offers the author only 50 per cent of the royalties of a revised edition (when not revised by the author).

The main point is to ensure that no revisions shall take place without your consent.

10. The option clause

Such is your publisher's faith in your future that he requires an 'option' (or 'first refusal') on your next work or works. This is never to your advantage. Eleven out of 60 publishers do not carry an option clause in their standard contracts. At the opposite extreme are 13 who demand an option on your next 2 full-length works. Eight (asterisked below) mitigate this by waiving any claim to the second work under option if they have previously rejected the first. Otherwise you are well placed to write about medieval serfdom: publisher B may not look at your next book if its successor remains under option to publisher A.

Option on next 2 works: *Aquarian, Blackie*, Chatto, Futura*, Hale* (fiction only)**, Hamish Hamilton, Heinemann*, Heinemann Educational*, Hodder*, Macdonald's*, Peter Owen, Routledge*.*

Even more onerous is *Macdonald & Evans's* claim to any work written within 3 years of publication of the present work (and on the same contractual terms as well).

Some publishers insist that they shall not be required to exercise their option until the present work under contract has been published. This could put the sale of your next book, and your livelihood, in deep freeze for many months.

Option suspended until after publication of present work: *Allen Lane, Aquarian, Blackie, Cape, Cassell, Gollancz, Hale, Heinemann Educational, Hodder, Macmillan Press, New English Library, Pelham, Scolar, Sidgwick, Thames & Hudson, Virago.*

Finally, when the option on your next work does become activated, how long can the publisher take to make up his mind whether to accept or reject? *Allen Lane* (gold medal) requires only 4 weeks after delivery of the manuscript, while 11 publishers require only 6 weeks. Don't accept the 3 months demanded by the following:

Require up to 3 months to decide: *Blackie, Calder, Eyre Methuen, Faber, Futura, Kaye & Ward, Macdonald's, Macdonald & Evans, New English Library, Oxford, Routledge, Secker, Thames & Hudson.*

We now pass from rope to chains. Many publishers limit your freedom by laying down in advance the sort of terms you will have to accept for the work(s) under option. The only acceptable formula is *'on terms to be mutually agreed'*, though not too bad is 'on fair and reasonable terms' — these have very little meaning and effectively give you your freedom.

On the other hand *Heinemann Educational* stipulates that the future book shall be published on the same terms as the present one if new terms are not agreed. (Why, then, should the publisher offer better terms?) Even

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HAMISH MacGIBBON is Managing Director of Heinemann Educational Books. He joined Heinemann after graduating in history in 1959, and was subsequently involved in developing the firm's science and maths list.

worse are those who demand the next book on the same terms as the present one: *Aquarian, Duckworth, Macdonald & Evans, Peter Owen, Thames & Hudson* (the latter adds a slight qualification).

Other quagmires are worth exploring briefly because they demonstrate the low regard that publishers' contracts display for a writer's freedom. *W. H. Allen, Hutchinson* and *Star* insist in effect that if you cannot agree terms with them for the optioned work, and some other publisher offers you better terms, you must nevertheless give them a chance to match those better terms — in which case the book is theirs. On a different track, *New English Library* claims the right to reject the optioned work, if it is less than 70,000 words long, without forfeiting its option on the following book.

Final comment: Scrub out the option clause if you can. If you cannot, stick to this formula: option on one work only, exercisable whenever you deliver that work or a synopsis of it, within 4 weeks — and on terms to be mutually agreed.

11. When will the publisher publish?

Some publishers set no time limit for publication. This can mean that you are tied indefinitely while the manuscript gathers dust.

No time limit: *BBC Publications, Butterworths, Faber, Hamish Hamilton, Hodder, Longman Educational, Pan, Routledge.*

More common are vague formulas which offer you very little protection in the event of unreasonable delay. These publishers promise only to publish the book with 'due diligence', 'reasonable promptitude' or 'as soon as possible'.

Vague formulas: *Allen Lane, Aquarian, Arnold, Batsford, Blackie, Blackwell, Deutsch, Heinemann, Heinemann Educational, Ian Henry, Kaye & Ward, Macdonald & Evans, Macmillan Educational, Macmillan Press, Murray, Oxford, Penguin, Pluto, Scolar, Sidgwick, Wright.*

FRANCIS BENNETT, Managing Director of Sphere Books, previously worked as an editor for Collins and Fontana before becoming Publishing Director for the general books division of Hutchinson. In 1977 be became Managing Director of W. H. Allen. Educated at Radley and Magdalene College, Cambridge, he is 38.

But 8 publishers demonstrate that a commitment to publish within one year (despite the usual qualification about circumstances beyond their control) is practical as well as desirable.

Publication within 1 year: *Chatto, Constable, Gollancz, Journeyman, Michael Joseph, Pelham, Sphere* and *Temple Smith.*

Comment: The Society of Authors stresses that publishers must contractually undertake to publish within a specified time after delivery of the manuscript. The Guild's Agreement stipulates that if publication has not occurred within one year of delivery and acceptance of the manuscript, and if the writer then issues a written warning, all rights revert to him/her if the publisher has failed to comply within one month.

12. The advance payment

This, perhaps, is the clause that interests you most. Many writers judge a contract almost exclusively in terms of the advance payment offered by the publisher. The Society of Authors believes the advance should always be 'substantial'; the Writers' Guild believes it should be not less than 65 per cent of the projected royalties from the sale of the first printing of the book. But, because advances are so variable they are always left open to negotiation — no figures appear in printed contracts.

13. Royalties

Most publishers offer a 'royalty' on each copy sold. You must insist on it. *Never accept a single fee to cover all rights in your book.* There are publishers, including some studied in this survey, who issue special contracts to authors contributing to a series of books. These require you to hand over your copyright and offer only a single fee — no royalties. Say no.

The standard royalty for sales *in the home market* is a percentage of the published priced (except in the case of some educational publishers who offer a percentage of net receipts). The majority of printed contracts leave this royalty open to negotiation. Only 5 out of 60 declare a royalty. Of these, *Journeyman* starts at 10 per cent, rising to 15 per cent when 5,000 copies have been sold. *Virago* offers the lowest starting rate for general hardcover books, 7½ or 8 per cent.

Comment: the Guild's Minimum Terms Agreement stipulates the following minimum royalties for general hardcover books sold in the home market: 10 per cent to 2,500 copies, 12½ per cent to 5,000, 15 per cent thereafter. The Society of Authors recommends that the above rates are those which might be expected for a book that is not anticipated to enjoy 'more than average' sales. An established author will obtain a higher starting royalty.

The main danger of printed contracts which leave royalty rates blank, subject to negotiation, is that no escalator proviso will be inserted. The rate should always rise when a certain number of copies have been sold.

You can expect perhaps 25-50 per cent of the sales of your book to take the form of *exports,* mainly to English-speaking countries. Publishers have two methods of calculating export royalties. Some offer a reduced royalty on the British published price, others offer a royalty on the 'net receipts'. The Society recommends that in the latter case, if the discount to distributors is 45 per cent or more, the royalty rate should be not less than the one offered on the published price for home sales.

Export royalties are also usually left blank in printed contracts. There are some exceptions:

Export royalties. Percentage of British published price: *Allen Lane, David & Charles, Wright,* 7½%; *Journeyman,* 5% rising to 7½% when 1,500 copies have been sold; *W. H. Allen, Chatto,* 5% rising to 7½% when a negotiable number of copies have been sold; *Hale, Weidenfeld,* 5%.

Of those who follow the 'net receipts' formula, *Secker* offers 12½ per cent, but *Virago* only 7½ or 8 per cent. Fifteen publishers offer 10 per cent.

Many books are published as 'original paperbacks' (i.e. not preceded by a hardcover edition). Alternatively the same publisher subsequently produces a paperback edition of a book initially published in hardcover. In either case you can expect the royalty rate (like the price of the book) to be lower. Only 17 out of 60 publishers declare a rate for home sales of paperbacks in their printed contracts. *Souvenir* offers 10 per cent, *Constable* 7½ per cent to 10,000 copies and 10 per cent thereafter. The norm is a flat-rate 7½ per cent, but *Collins* offers 6½ per cent while *W. H. Allen* and *Star* start at 5 per cent rising to 7½ per cent when a negotiable number of copies have been sold. *Bodley Head* proposes only a flat-rate of 5 per cent for paperbacks produced at half or less of the hardcover price.

Of those publishers who state a royalty rate for *export* paperback sales in their printed contract, some offer a reduced percentage of the British published price: *Gollancz* leads with 7½ per cent, while *Allen Lane (Penguin), Sphere* and *Hutchinson (Arrow)* offer 6 per cent. But *Collins, Hale, Oxford* and *Weidenfeld* propose only 5 per cent.

Of those who offer a percentage of net receipts for paperback exports, *Constable* leads with 12½ per cent, escalating to 15 per cent, while *Kaye & Ward* and *Eyre Methuen* offer 10 per cent. Less generous are *Routledge,* 7½ per cent, and *W. H. Allen* and *Star,* starting at 5 per cent.

BEN GLAZEBROOK has been Chairman and Managing Director of Constable since 1965, having previously worked for Heinemann from 1955 to 1962. He is 48.

14. Reduced royalties on small reprints

Some publishers argue that to keep a book in the shops by means of a small reprint is economical only if they reduce or de-escalate the author's royalty. Twenty-seven out of 60 publishers insert this provision in their standard contracts. While most of them define a 'small' reprint as 1,500, 2,000 or, in the case of *Allen & Unwin, Heinemann, Hutchinson, Kaye & Ward* and *Thames & Hudson,* even 2,500 copies, we find that *W. H. Allen* regards a reprint of 4,000 copies or less as worth only a 10 per cent royalty (provided the work has been out of print for 6 months and sales did

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not exceed 500 copies in the 6 months accounting period prior to the issue of the reprint). The obvious danger of all such clauses is that they could be invoked permanently to deny you a higher royalty despite the success of the book.

Reduced or de-escalated royalty on small reprints: *W. H. Allen, Allen & Unwin, Arnold, Bodley Head, Cape, Cassell, Chatto, Collins, Constable, David & Charles, Deutsch, Eyre Methuen, Hale* (non-fiction), *Hamish Hamilton, Heinemann, Heinemann Educational, Hodder, Hutchinson, Kaye & Ward, Murray, Owen, Pelham, Routledge, Secker, Temple Smith, Thames & Hudson, Weidenfeld.*

Comment: The Society of Authors advises that there is no good reason to accept a reduced royalty for 'small' reprints. But if the publisher insists, then 'small' should never be defined as more than 1,000 copies. The Guild's Minimum Terms Agreement makes no provision for reduced royalties on small reprints.

15. Subsidiary rights

These may sound boring and insignificant. Yet your own publisher may hope to make the greater part of his profit out of marketing these rights in your work. Indeed 'subsidiary rights' effectively covers any situation whereby your publisher sells certain rights, including volume rights, to another publisher anywhere in the world: American publication rights, for example, or paperback rights, translation rights, Book Club rights, serial and anthology rights, adaptation rights, and so on. The crucial question, therefore, is what proportion of the revenues from such sales go to you and what proportion are retained by your publisher. As we shall now demonstrate, anarchy and chaos reign in this vital area.

16. Paperback rights

If your hardcover publisher also publishes a paperback edition, he will offer you a royalty on it (see section 13). If, however, he sells the British paperback rights to a different publisher, the latter will offer him a royalty which will be split between the author and the hardcover publisher.

Most publishers' contracts in our sample demand a flat 50 per cent of paperback revenues or leave the percentage to be negotiated.

Publishers who offer more to the author: *Journeyman,* 60% on the first £5,000, 70% thereafter; *Allen Lane, Scolar,* 60%; *W. H. Allen, Bodley Head, Chatto, Collins, Gollancz, Hamish Hamilton, Heinemann, Pelham, Secker,* 55% when the paperback royalty is 10%, but 60% when the royalty is 12½% or more.

Comment: never accept 50 per cent. The Society of Authors advises an author's minimum of 60 per cent, with an escalator clause in respect of higher receipts or larger sales. The Guild's Agreement stipulates that the writer shall receive 60 per cent from the first £5,000 of sub-licensed paperback income, and 70 per cent thereafter.

17. Serial rights

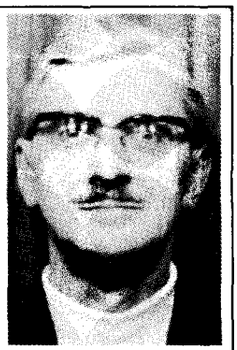
'Serial rights' refer to the serialisation of all or part of the book in a magazine or newspaper. First serial rights cover pre-volume publication, second serial rights cover post-volume publication. The following tables reveal the astonishing chaos — to be charitable — prevailing.

First serial rights, author's percentage. 90%: *Allen Lane, Chatto, Collins, Constable, Eyre Methuen, Faber, Gollancz, Hamish Hamilton, Hodder, Journeyman, Murray, Penguin, Scolar, Sidgwick.* 80%: *Bodley Head, Oxford.* 75%: *Cape, Duckworth, Heinemann, Heinemann Educational, Hutchinson, Pelham, Secker.* 60%: *Batsford, New English Library.* 50%: *Blackie, Blackwell, David & Charles, Kaye & Ward, Longman Educational, Macmillan Press, Pergamon, Pluto, Routledge.* 40%: *Macmillan Educational.* 10%: *Butterworth.* To be negotiated: all other publishers.

Second serial rights, author's percentage. 90%: *Journeyman.* 80%: *Allen Lane, Penguin, Scolar.* 75%: *Cape, Chatto, Collins, Constable, Duckworth, Eyre Methuen, Faber, Gollancz, Hamish Hamilton, Heinemann, Heinemann Educational, Hodder, Murray, Oxford, Sidgwick.* 60%: *Batsford.* 50%: *W. H. Allen, Blackie, Blackwell, Bodley Head, David & Charles, Kaye & Ward, Hutchinson, Longman Educational, Macmillan Press, New English Library, Pelham, Pergamon, Pluto, Routledge, Secker.* 40%: *Macmillan Educational.* To be negotiated: all other publishers.

The danger of the blank clause, to be negotiated, is illustrated by one publisher who negotiated a contract according an author only 30 per cent of second serial rights.

Comment. The Society of Authors advises that only exceptionally can a publisher claim any share of first serial rights. The Guild's Agreement grants the publisher a maximum of 10 per cent (home sales) and 15 per cent (foreign sales) on first and second serial rights.



STANLEY PICKARD is Managing Director of Kaye & Ward, Ltd. His previous experience includes editing a literary magazine, working as production manager for a book club and as a sales manager for a publisher.

18 American rights, translation rights

You may feel that your agent can sell the American publication rights and the translation rights in your book. In that case your British publisher should have *no part of them.* On the other hand you may want him to sell these rights on your behalf. Here an important distinction must be made. If you assign these rights to your British publisher, he can then sell them to whomever he pleases. But if you retain these rights, merely agreeing that your publisher shall act as your agent, then of course any deal he makes has to have your approval.

Both the Society of Authors and the Guild believe that the British publisher acting as an agent should never retain more than 15-20 per cent of American and translation revenues. The actual demands of publishers, however, again reveal a chaotic situation.

American publication rights, author's percentage: 85%: *Allen Lane, Collins, Constable, Eyre Methuen, Journeyman, Scolar, Secker, Temple Smith.* 80%: *Bodley Head, Chatto, Faber, Hamish Hamilton, Heinemann, Hodder, Pelham, Penguin.* 75%: *Duckworth, Heinemann Educational, Hutchinson, Murray, Wright.* 66.66%: *Routledge, Sidgwick.* 50%: *Blackie, Kaye & Ward, Longman Educational, New English Library, Pergamon.* 25%: *Macdonald & Evans.* To be negotiated: all other publishers.

Translation rights, author's percentage: 90%: *Hamish Hamilton.* 85%: *Journeyman, Gollancz.* 80%: *Allen Lane, Collins, Heinemann, Hodder, Pelham, Penguin, Scolar.* 75%: *Bodley Head, Chatto, Constable, Faber, Hutchinson, Murray, Secker.* 70%: *Allen & Unwin.* 66.66%: *Heinemann Educational, Oxford, Routledge, Sidgwick.* 60%: *Batsford, Eyre Methuen.* 50%: *Blackie, Blackwell, Butterworths, Duckworth, Kaye & Ward, Longman Educational, Macmillan Educational, Macmillan Press, New English Library, Pergamon, Wright.* To be negotiated: all other publishers.

19. Film and dramatic rights, television and radio rights

The Society of Authors and the Writers' Guild agree that the author should retain film, television, radio and dramatic rights. The publisher should take no part of such revenues unless he is asked to act as an agent. Gold medals to the 2 (out of 60) publishers who recognise this in writing: *Journeyman* and *Maurice Temple Smith.* (One could add *BBC Publications* but they are a special case in this context since many of their books emerge from TV and radio.) As for the rest, an astonishing range of claims:

Film and dramatic rights, author's percentage: 90%: *Allen Lane, Allen & Unwin* (only 80% on dramatic), *Bodley Head, Chatto, Collins* (dramatic), *Eyre Methuen, Faber, Gollancz, Hamish Hamilton, Hodder, Murray, Penguin, Pergamon, Scolar, Sidgwick.* 85%: *Collins* (film), *Constable, Futura, Heinemann, Macdonald's, Secker.* 80%: *Heinemann Educational* (film), *Oxford, Pelham.* 75%: *Duckworth, Heinemann Educational* (dramatic), *Hutchinson,* 66.66%: *Routledge* (film). 60%: *Batsford, New English Library.* 50%: *Blackie, Blackwell* (dramatic), *David & Charles, Kaye & Ward, Longman Educational, Macmillan Educational, Macmillan Press, Pluto, Routledge* (dramatic). 10%: *Butterworths.* To be negotiated: all other publishers.

When we turn to television and radio rights in the work (other than straight readings), it is once again only *Journeyman* and *Temple Smith* who make no contractual claim. Although the percentages offered do not exactly coincide with those relating to film and dramatic rights (there is a tendency to offer 5 per cent less), the variations are of little consequence. *Butterworths* offers the author only 25 per cent of his/her TV and radio rights.

SIMON MASTER has been Managing Director and Chief Executive of Pan Books since January of this year. He was previously Senior Editor, then Publishing Director. He began his career with a book importer in Germany. He is 36.

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20. Paying the money

Assuming that your royalty earnings and sales of subsidiary rights exceed the amount advanced to you, you should receive a cheque with an accompanying royalty statement twice a year. Twenty-eight publishers out of 60 fully meet this standard. A further 14 pay twice annually for 1 to 3 years after publication, then annually. Those who pay only once a year from the time of publication should mend their ways without delay.

Annual payments and accounts: *Aquarian, Arnold, Blackie, Blackwell, Butterworths, Calder, David & Charles, Hodder, Longman Educational, Macdonald & Evans, Macmillan Educational, Macmillan Press, Oxford, Pergamon, Routledge, Virago.*

Most publishers pay up within 3 or — in the case of 20 publishers — 4 months of the end of the accounting period. Why does *Blackie* promise to pay 'within a reasonable time'? What might that mean?

Now for a nasty one. Some publishers retain 20 per cent of your earnings on the pretext that they are covering themselves against copies returned unsold from the bookshops. This is a widespread practice in America which the following British publishers have adopted. *BBC Publications* can withhold up to 20 per cent until the second royalty statement; *Hodder (Coronet* imprint only), *Star* and *Virago* can withhold 20 per cent until the third royalty statement, *New English Library* apparently indefinitely.

Even less acceptable is the right reserved by *Pergamon* to deduct royalties due to you from one book to recoup 'overpayments' on another. *Pergamon* also reserves the right to 'carry forward (i.e. to delay payment of) royalties of less than £20. This figure is too high.

Make sure you get a royalty statement whether or not money is owing to you.

Two publishers have the distinction of promising to pay over sums received from sub-licensed publishers within 30 days. Gold medals for *Temple Smith* and *Virago*. All other publishers theoretically retain the right to bank your share until the end of the next accounting period — it could be for over a year.

But how do you know that the royalty statement is correct? Errors occur. How do you know that the computer hasn't made one of its habitual mistakes? You should be entitled to inspect the publisher's accounts in so far as they relate to your books, yet only 16 publishers allow for this in their standard contracts.

Author has right to scrutinise accounts: *Allen & Unwin, Bodley Head, Chatto, Constable, Eyre Methuen, Futura, Macdonald's, Macdonald & Evans, Michael Joseph, Murray, Pelham, Pluto, Routledge, Sphere, Thames & Hudson, Weidenfeld.*

Finally — the fact that a publisher has a commitment to pay monies due to you within a stated period of time does not mean that he will live up to his obligations. 'Late payments' are quite common (though better late than never). The Writers' Guild Minimum Terms Agreement introduces a revolutionary innovation: if payments are late the publisher shall pay interest at 1 per cent above the Bank of England minimum lending rate. Fair enough? *Journeyman Press* evidently thinks so.

RONALD WHITING is Chairman of Macdonald Futura Publishers Ltd and of Jane's Publishing Company. (British Printing Corporation is the holding company.) In July 1979 Jane's split from Macdonald's. On 1 January 1980 Macdonald's merged with Futura and Queen Anne Press. Ronald Whiting has been in publishing since he joined the Bodley Head in 1943.

21. Free copies

Most publishers offer 6 complimentary copies of the first edition to the author. This is mean — American publishers provide 10 or 12. In Britain, *Journeyman* (20 or 12), Butterworths (12), *Pelham* (10) and *John Murray* (9) are the most generous with hardcover copies, while *Longman Educational* and *Virago* provide only 3. It's worth noting that *Hamish Hamilton*'s Agreement with the Guild stipulates 20 free copies (12 in the case of more expensive books).

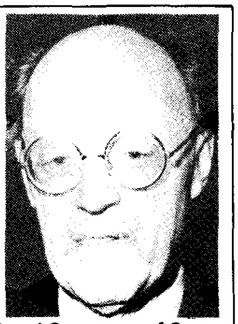
22. Reversion of rights

If the publisher fails to publish or allows the book to go out of print, all rights in the work should revert to you. The Society and the Guild both believe that the publisher should be obliged to comply by putting in hand a reprint within one month of receiving a written request. *Journeyman* is thus contracted. Otherwise the best offer is 'within 3 months': *Cassell, Pan, Routledge* and *Virago*. Nine publishers require up to 6 months to decide; 24 require up to 9 months; 8 need up to 12 months. *Butterworths* and *Duckworth* need up to 2 years to make up their minds about reprinting, *David & Charles* up to 2½ years, while *Pergamon* effectively requires up to 3½ years (18 months after receiving the author's request, which may not be made until the work has been out of print for 2 years).

Penguin makes the out-of-print reversion applicable only 3 years after publication; *Allen Lane* only after 5 years — both undesirable. Of course if you have sold your copyright your book may stay out of print indefinitely: *Longman Educational,* for example, offers no reversion of rights clause.

Deserving attention are the 5 publishers who stipulate that if the book stays out of print you can terminate the contract only if you refund the 'unearned' portion of the advance payment: *Cape, Ian Henry, New English Library, Sidgwick, Thames & Hudson.* (One of them comments that he invariably strikes out this clause. Good — but why not eliminate the clause from the printed contract?)

Worse, 3 publishers go further and insist that before rights revert the author must buy back from them 'all blocks stereoplates moulds negatives designs and engravings specially made for the work at one-half of their original cost'. (When a lawyer is in a mean mood he uses no commas.) This bad news comes from *Heinemann Educational, Kaye & Ward* and *Macdonald & Evans.* The Society of Authors urges authors to strike out any such clause.

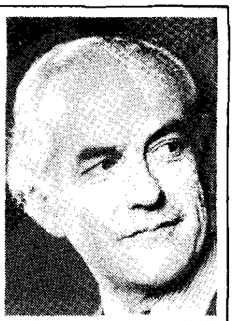


LORD LONGFORD, Chairman of Sidgwick & Jackson, was born in 1905. Educated at Eton and Oxford, he was assistant to Lord Beveridge during the war and served in the Wilson government as Leader of the Lords, Lord Privy Seal and Secretary of State for the Colonies. A campaigner for prison reform and for the Festival of Light, Longford is also an author.

23. Publisher's default

A publisher's contract makes it clear what will happen if the author is in default of his obligations, and you should make it equally clear that if the publisher remains in default after written notification, then all rights in the work revert to you. Most publishers recognise this. But the following contracts make no mention of this vital safeguard:

No default clause: *W. H. Allen, Butterworths, Constable, David & Charles, Duckworth, Longman Educational, Macmillan Press, New English Library, Oxford, Star.*



G. B. RICHARDSON, CBE, has been Secretary to the Delegates and Chief Executive of the Oxford University Press since 1974. He was University Reader in Economics at Oxford from 1969 to 1973 and served as a Delegate of the OUP from 1971 to 1974. He is the author of two books on economics.

24. The right to know

It is a remarkable and depressing fact that in *not one* printed contract is there provision for the author to receive royalty statements rendered by sub-licensed publishers. The Guild Minimum Terms Agreement stipulates that the writer shall be a signatory to any paperback contract. *Maurice Temple Smith* alone makes a written commitment to consult the author before sub-licensing any rights in the work.

It's apparently widespread practice among publishers not to inform you how many copies of your book were printed (royalty statements rarely, if ever, give this information). Clearly writers need their own Freedom of Information Act.

25. Disputes

In the event of an unresolved dispute between publisher and author it is essential that there be provision for binding arbitration, since litigation is usually prohibitively expensive and slow. Just over half of the publishers surveyed provide for arbitration under the 1950 Act, or through the London Court of Arbitration, or through the Law Society. The 1979 Arbitration Act is likely to provide a cheaper solution to disputes.

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The Guild Agreement introduces a more rapid and efficient form of arbitration — a committee composed of two nominees of the Guild and two nominees of the publisher.

Conclusion

The main purpose of this report is not to provide a shopping guide for authors, but rather to demonstrate the anarchy prevailing, the unacceptable variety of norms offered, and the degree to which British publishing practice needs an urgent overhaul if the legitimate interests of writers are to be adequately protected.

Only general acceptance of the principle of minimum terms agreements negotiated between publishers and unions will achieve this aim.

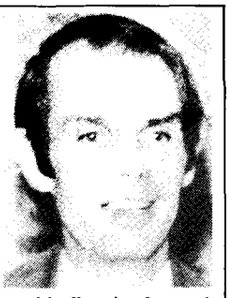
Appendix: League table

The 'league table' of publishers that follows has been compiled under the auspices of the *New Statesman* alone. Neither the Society of Authors nor the Writers' Guild took part in drawing up the table and neither union, therefore, endorses its findings.

Fifty-four criteria — many but not all of which were discussed in the preceding report— covering all aspects of standard printed contracts were evaluated. For each criterion scores were made on a scale from plus 3 to minus 3. Examples: where 90 per cent of first serial rights is granted to the author, the score is plus 2; where only 50 per cent, the score is minus 2; where the clause is left blank, the score is 0.

The table shows minus-scores outnumbering and arithmetically outweighing plus-scores. This reflects the general outlook of the assessors, who regard the majority of clauses in publishers' standard contracts as unacceptable.

The comparison, strictly, is between 'imprints'. Two or more imprints owned by the same publishing house may issue different standard contracts. Alternatively, they may use the same contract yet achieve different scores because — for example — clauses relevant to a hardcover original may not apply to a paperback original and vice-versa.



MAURICE TEMPLE SMITH founded his publishing firm in 1969, having previously worked as a literary agent, Editorial Director of Eyre & Spottiswoode, and Managing Director of Secker & Warburg. He is 54. When setting up his firm he framed his contract to provide a better deal for authors and consulted widely with literary agents when drafting his standard contract. He describes himself as opposed to all 'restrictive practices' and left the Publishers' Association five year ago.

The table does not, of course, reflect the terms that a particular publisher will grant to a particular author. A publisher placed low on the table may offer larger advance payments than one placed relatively high; he may also sell more copies of your book. In practice a publisher may treat an author with tact and consideration rather than by invoking the more stringent clauses in the contract. Some clauses may remain theoretical — your percentage of film rights on your book about publishers' contracts, for example.

The table simply evaluates 60 standard contracts unamended and unnegotiated.

From the point of view of writers, the most advantageous printed contracts are those *(Journeyman Press, Hamish Hamilton)* where the publisher has signed a Minimum Terms Agreement with the Writers' Guild. But whereas *Journeyman's* contract consists exclusively of clauses agreed with the Guild, *Hamish Hamilton* issues a more comprehensive contract some of whose clauses are unaffected by the Minimum Terms Agreement.

Plus 51	Journeyman Press — Writers' Guild
Plus 35	Hamish Hamilton — Writers' Guild
Plus 3	Chatto & Windus, Maurice Temple Smith, Victor Gollancz
Plus 2	Penguin
Plus 1	Michael Joseph
Evens	Scolar Press
Minus 2	Souvenir
Minus 3	John Calder, Constable
Minus 4	Allen Lane
Minus 5	John Murray
Minus 6	Edward Arnold, Pelham
Minus 8	BBC, Faber
Minus 9	William Collins, Secker & Warburg, Sphere
Minus 10	Hamish Hamilton
Minus 11	Allen & Unwin, Eyre Methuen
Minus 12	Futura
Minus 13	Macdonald
Minus 14	Bodley Head
Minus 15	Weidenfeld & Nicolson
Minus 17	Jonathan Cape, John Wright, Pan, Sidgwick & Jackson
Minus 18	Heinemann
Minus 20	André Deutsch
Minus 21	Robert Hale, Virago, Ian Henry, Macmillan Educational
Minus 22	Basil Blackwell, Hodder & Stoughton, Thames & Hudson
Minus 23	Hutchinson, Oxford University Press
Minus 24	Duckworth, Heinemann Educational, Star
Minus 25	Batsford, Pluto
Minus 26	Cassell
Minus 27	Peter Owen
Minus 28	Aquarian
Minus 30	Macdonald & Evans, Pergamon
Minus 31	David & Charles, W. H. Allen
Minus 33	Butterworths
Minus 35	Kaye & Ward
Minus 36	Longman Educational, Macmillan Press
Minus 41	Blackie
Minus 43	Routledge & Kegan Paul, New English Library

Judith Cook

SPG and Gypsies

WHILE THE BLAIR PEACH verdict hung in the balance over Spring Bank Holiday weekend, Birmingham's Special Patrol Group was busy trying to clear gypsies from a 200-acre wasteland site near Dudley. The incident also involved the Transport and General Workers' Union, the National Union of Public Employees, and a Gloucester-based company called Spook Erections, which specialises in evicting gypsies for local authorities who do not want to dirty their own hands.

During the last six or seven years, local councils in the Midlands have taken to evicting gypsies from small sites where two or three families have been camping. The sites have then been fenced off. It is hardly surprising, says Christopher Beresford-Webb of The Gypsy Law Society, that this has led to fewer sites and larger numbers of gypsies together in one place. Councils have responsed by calling in Spook Erections, who are, says Beresford-Webb, 'a kind of rentayob setup, specialising in violent evictions. As some 20 a day take place in the Midlands, it is obviously good business'. Spook Erections keep an extremely low profile and we will be looking further into their activities at a later date.

On 19 May a fairly large group of gypsies was turned off Tenterden airport by Wolverhampton Council and decamped to a piece of landscaped ground. Everybody agrees this is unusual. Most often, as at present in Warwickshire, they use roadside waste land to set up camps, many of which are quite tidy. This group was almost immediately set on by local louts and they themselves sent for the police for protection. The next day Wolverhampton Council called in Spook Erections and after some highly unpleasant scenes, the site was cleared.

Over the next few days the gypsies so cleared moved to the Dudley site, which came under the aegis of Sandwell Council. They were joined there by Hughie Smith of the National Gypsy Council, who tried unsuccessfully to get an interview with the Council's Chief Executive to discuss the subject. Sandwell's answer was to call in the TGWU to evict the gypsies but they refused, after Smith had told them that T&G policy was not to take part in such activity.
activity.

The Council then turned to NUPE and although Smith pointed out to them that their union had also agreed not to take part in such evictions, they were prepared to move in, but were baulked by the gypsies who just refused to move. On the Friday before the Bank holiday, Sandwell called in the police and as well as ordinary police (figures vary from 300 to 500) there were two coachloads of Birmingham SPG.

Hughie Smith's counter measure was borrowed straight from Hollywood. He got his gypsies to hitch their trailers to their cars and drive round and round in a slow circle, nose to tail, around the perimeter of the site. Whether or not the SPG had unauthorised weapons concealed about their persons, they and the other police could do nothing but jump up and down in frustration unable to risk stopping the cavalcade without being run over. After two hours Hughie Smith stopped and said he could keep it up all night. He said he would get two things if they left him alone — an interview with the Chief Executive and the site cleared by 4 p.m. that day. He got both.

Prejudice against gypsies nationwide still runs high. As Beresford-Webb says: 'There are no good gypsies. In Wolverhampton they have finally begun to accept there are good and bad blacks and Asians but against gypsies there is a total block prejudice.' Government money is supposed to be available for properly equipped gypsy sites but current financial restraints provide councils with an easy getout. Just what the savings are when evictions are so costly is not clear. Clearing the Sandwell site is estimated to have cost between £5000 and £10,000. Gypsies offer to buy and maintain their own sites but this is never acceptable. Says Beresford-Webb: 'I have been representing gypsies at planning applications since 1958 and I have never known a single one accepted. The only ones passed have been passed on appeal. I currently have 35 cases being considered and I might be lucky and get ten of them on appeal — certainly no more. If I got one passed it would be a miracle.'

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Dublin Diary

☐ It isn't often that I'm asked by my neighbourhood newsagent if I have any influence which might get him a couple of hundred extra copies of a news magazine, his own regular order having sold out in two hours. When Cecil King, ex *Daily Mirror,* resigns from the board of the same magazine because he feels an article in it is damaging to the country of his adoption, that must constitute some kind of record. Alas the journal in question wasn't the *New Statesman* but last month's issue of *Magill,* which contained a long exposé of the arms crisis of 1970. The build up to the *Magill* article, written by the magazine's editor, Vincent Browne, was a real cliff-hanger. It arrived on the bookstalls several weeks late because no Irish printer or distributor would handle it. With every delay there was a fresh wave of rumours about what it contained and whom it involved, which turned out to be just about everybody active on the Catholic side of Irish politics at the time. When the readers finally got hold of it there was an inevitable sense of anticlimax, but the consensus seems to be that it did less damage to Mr Charles Haughey, whom everyone believed to have been involved in the affair anyway, than to his predecessor Jack Lynch. Of course the June issue, due out this week and promising 'FURTHER ARMS CRISIS SENSATIONS', may change that. Browne started *Magill* over two years ago, when he had finally exhausted those newspaper editors in Dublin who could cope with his insatiable enthusiasm for courting libel writs from people ranging from senior policemen to Catholic bishops. He is reckless, unpredictable and impossible to work with — I write as one who has been through that experience. He is also the best journalist in Dublin because, in a small society where all the personal and professional pressures are against muckraking, he just goes on shovelling the stuff about.

☐ The day after he finally got his magazine to the punters, Browne received the resignation of his most distinguished board member. Mr Cecil King has been living in Dublin for some years and has a taste for handing out judgments, *de haut en bas,* on matters Irish. In the issue of *Magill* which contained the arms crisis article, there was also an article by King lecturing the Irish media for its sniping (rare enough) at the Catholic church, and extolling the virtues of Irish motherhood. His reason for resigning from the board, as given to the *Irish Times,* was that he thought Browne's article was 'rash, spitting in the face of the majority party in this country and damaging to the Republic' particularly in the eyes of Northern Protestants. Pressed to elaborate he gave an interesting insight into how he had viewed the practice of journalism during his days at the *Mirror:* 'If you are asking about the idea that everything should always be revealed, the answer is that in my many years in Fleet Street, there were many stories which I thought to be unduly discreditable of leading persons and which were, therefore, not printed.'

☐ Still, I have to admit to a sneaking sympathy for Mr King's feelings about articles which damage the country abroad. On the whole, reporting on Ireland for the *New Statesman* is an agreeable occupation, particularly when it concerns Anglo-Irish relations, as the Irish case is usually a lot more reasonable than British opposition to or neglect of it. There are times, though, when it is really painful to write about the way we conduct our affairs. Usually this happens in the area which the Catholic catechism defines as 'faith and morals'. Last week, Dr Noel Browne, an independent deputy in the Irish parliament, took the first step towards a change which everyone in Ireland knows must come eventually: the provision of civil divorce. Dr Browne tried to introduce a private member's bill calling for a national referendum to end the ban on divorce, enshrined in Ireland's written constitution. He got as far as making a five minute speech on the subject. The Minister for Justice, Mr Gerry Collins, then gave his five minutes' worth opposing the bill on the grounds that there was no 'significant public demand for divorce'. There should then have been a division of the House, which would have meant defeat for Dr Browne, but would have put the subject on the agenda, at least of the opposition parties. To get his division Dr Browne needed nine other deputies to support him. Not one did so, although the Labour Party is officially committed to the introduction of divorce. Less than a week earlier Mr Haughey, opening a debate on Northern Ireland in the Dail, had said: 'I say now, clearly, that the people who regard their traditions as being far removed from ours would be surprised at the lengths to which we would be prepared to go to accommodate them, to give guarantees and undertakings, to protect and safe-guard their interests and traditions.' This was widely hailed as a moving appeal to Northern Protestants. The Rev. Ian Paisley responded to the speech on Monday's *Panorama* with a spirited rendering of 'Come into my Parlour, said the spider to the fly.'

☐ More evidence of Irish attitudes to sexuality, this time to gays, will be on show later this month when the case of David Norris v The Attorney General finally comes to court. Homosexuality is still illegal in Ireland under the *British* Offences Against the Person Act of 1861 and the Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1885. Mr Norris, who is a lecturer at Trinity and a Joyce scholar of international repute, is basing his case on the ground that the sections of the two laws banning homosexual acts are repugnant to the provisions in the Irish constitution which guarantee the right to privacy and respect for the good name and dignity of individual citizens. At first sight the situation of gays, at least in Dublin, seems a typical example of what Mr Haughey once described in another context (his own bill to legalise the sale of contraceptives) as 'an Irish solution to an Irish problem'. A gay friend of mine was told recently by an American priest with some experience that Dublin has the best gay scene in Europe. Gay discos and clubs are publicly advertised and eminently respectable. But the very fact of illegality, combined with the Catholic church's continuing strictures on homosexuality, can make for an atmosphere where growing up gay is an appalling experience. In this context most of us thought that the government would welcome Mr Norris's constitutional action, since such cases pleading the citizen's rights under the constitution have in the past been a classic first step towards changing bad laws. Not a bit of it. It is now being rumoured that the State intends to fight the case by claiming that Norris has not been denied his civil rights and cross-examining him in detail as to what acts he has committed that are illegal under the existing laws. The Irish Campaign for Homosexual Law Reform is now looking for financial (and moral) support. A chance to propitiate the ghost of Oscar Wilde: the address of the Campaign for Homosexual Law Reform is PO Box 931, Dublin 4.

☐ At last some good news. I am reliably informed that Irish passports are now selling for more than either British or American ones on the international market. Whatever the reasons our embassy in London reports a staggering increase in demand for Irish passports. Last year it issued 19,000, this year the figure could be double that. In March alone 2,600 new Irish passports were issued in London. Not all of this has to do with a rising tide of nationalism among Irish people living in Britain. The embassy says that many of our new passport holders are Australians and New Zealanders who are entitled to a passport if they have one Irish grandparent and have found that this enables them to avoid all kinds of hassles with the British immigration authorities. So far the applications have come only from members of the old Commonwealth, which presumably explains why Enoch Powell hasn't got on to it yet.

Mary Holland

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ The chairman of one of Britain's biggest car retail groups describes the situation as chaotic: 'I have been in the business for 30 years and this is the first time I have been able to offer immediate delivery on every single model we sell. At present it is impossible to maintain orderly marketing plans.' — *The Times* (Mary Beale)

☐ A man was charged yesterday with possessing an offensive weapon — six tomatoes. Graham Gee, 28, of Clarke Street, Heywood, Manchester, is also accused of going equipped to commit crime with the tomatoes. — *Daily Telegraph* (James Scott)

☐ I wake up sometimes and think 'O God, another day of decisions,' and maybe go back to sleep for another half-hour. You know: where are the children going to spend their holdiays? So-and-so's coming into London: are we going to give a dinner, cocktails, a party? What? Are we going to fly to California? Am I supposed to be going to Paris? All those things. — Lady Rothermere in *Sunday Times* magazine (Jon Arrenberg)

☐ A signed photograph of Sir Harold Wilson with his family, expected to fetch £20 to £30, was knocked down at £3 while a typewritten letter signed 'Jim Callaghan' with a similar estimate went for £5. — *Daily Telegraph* (George Moor)

☐ Strangers arriving in the vicinity may be excused for thinking that the war has broken out if they stray too near to the Trubshaw Cross playing fields area. A mock battle, staged by the members of Cobridge 224 Field Ambulance RAMC, is part of their plan to simulate a nuclear attack for the amusement and interest of visitors to the Burslem Festival. — *Newcastle-under-Lyme Advertiser* (Robert Fyson)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Marching on their stomachs ...

From Sue Ball

As Secretary of the Society of Civil & Public Servants (SCPS) Departments of Trade & Industry, Charles House Branch I was interested to read Nick Anning's commentary on 'Levin's Own goal' (NS 30 May). Members of our Branch Executive Committee (BEC) were flattered and a little surprised by the coverage given to our Branch.

I am unable to speak for the other three 'sponsoring' branches as contrary to Nick Anning's innuendo there was no conspiracy to support 'the moderate slate', but for our own part we nominated those candidates whom we know to be enthusiastic trade unionists while recognising the importance of taking into consideration the views of the majority of ordinary Society members.

Nick Anning hints that our Branch has an 'arrangement' with Mr Taylor of Ministry of Defence Earl's Court Branch whereby behind-the-scenes election support is exchanged for access to his building's canteen facilities — or to put it another way canvassing in return for bangers and baked beans! To put the record straight Charles House is occupied by at least 8 Departments other than Trade & Industry including Department of the Environment, Department of Health & Social Security, Department of National Savings and Ministry of Defence. Our Branch members do not currently enjoy the canteen facilities at the Ministry of Defence's Empress State Building Earl's Court and only did so on two occasions earlier this year when they supported a march to Empress State Building in protest at the closure of our own canteen in Charles House. This action was organised by a co-ordinating committee drawn from many of the Departments and Civil Service unions in our building. Since these marches took place, individuals or small groups of staff including some from Department of Trade & Industry, have been turned away by Security Officers at Empress State Building.

The BEC were intrigued by Mr Anning's comment 'G. J. Waggett was backed by his home branch — Department of Trade & Industry Charles House, where he is an HEO'. Local Management were also mystified by this elusive member of staff. If Mr Anning studies his copy of cour Conference Paper L in a little more depth he will glean from it that Mr Waggett is in the Department's Sunley House Branch; he is not, and never has been a member of Charles House branch.

What concerns us most is the fact that Bernard Levin's article has received so much condemnation from Society Conference and from Mr Anning, whereas an article in the *New Worker* (16 May) — the newspaper of the New Communist Party — was apparently perfectly legitimate. This article advocated support for 3 candidates with the aim of 'easing out the moderates'. In this they had a partial success inasmuch as Brian Willett, a known 'moderate' was 'eased out'. Society members may question whether 'prior interference' from the left can be regarded as 'fair play' while 'prior interference' from the moderates provokes the cry of foul!

Charles House, 375 Kensington High Street, London W14

... or running with the ball

From G.G. Norbury

After having a good laugh at Bernard Levin's article of 20 May in *The Times* about SCPS Conference I suppose I should cry at Nick Anning's ludicrous response in your edition of 30 May in which MAFF London Branch is mentioned. It is true that my Branch nominated the candidates listed in his article but that does not necessarily mean that we did not vote for any other candidates, including those that might be described as left wing. One shudders to think what mystical powers Nick would have attributed to my Branch had we nominated all the successful candidates! Concentrating on nominations and nominations from only a small number of branches is a blatant misuse of statistics.

Turning to the question of motions I did not realise that the tabling of motions was some form of virility contest which was related to the election of the Executive Council, with no doubt the Branch tabling the most motions gaining the Chairman's seat. Again Nick is wrong as MAFF London Branch did in fact table two motions on overseas subsistence and disturbance allowances which may appear to be trivial to the uninformed but are of major importance to my members. These were unfortunately consigned to the Secondary Agenda despite our efforts at Conference to have them moved to the Primary Agenda. However, perhaps I do Nick a disservice as of course he would not know that the motions were incorrectly listed on the Conference Agenda as being tabled by MAFA, London (relax Nick, not the mafia!).

We do not need the paid hacks of the newspaper world, however well-meaning, interfering in our union's affairs. Bernard Levin's article may have been an own goal but own goals normally contain some element of bad luck. Nick Anning's article is an example of a player giving away a penalty by picking up the ball and running with it. On reflection there may be some hope for Nick as this was precisely how the game of rugby was invented.

MAFF London branch, Society of Civil and Public Servants

Abortion myth

From R. W. Leverett

As secretary of the Tooting branch of the Communist Party I am astonished to read in Tariq Ali's column (NS 30 May) that this organisation is affiliated to Life. I am requesting that you make it clear to your readers that we are not affiliated to Life, nor have we at any time considered affiliating to a body with which we are totally in disagreement. On the contrary, this branch and its members were in the forefront of local activity against the Corrie Bill.

130 Boundaries Road, London SW12

No frogs, please

From Ravi Rana

If Arthur Marshall finds French people distasteful (NS 30 May), may I suggest he keeps his xenophobic thoughts to himself. His 'custom of referring to them breezily as Frogs' is no less derogatory than calling coloured people 'wogs', 'coons', 'niggers', etc, all of which I presume he would regard as offensive terms. There is no such thing as harmless racial prejudice and to indulge such opinions in a paper purporting an anti-racist stance is entirely irresponsible.

8 Tavistock Road, Jesmond, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne

The fall of Red Vienna

From Friedrich Scheu

The excellent article by Christopher Hitchens on 'Ten Years of Austrian socialism' (NS 23 May) contains one serious mistake.'Red Vienna' did not 'fall without a serious shot fired in its defence', but was overthrown by the fascist Austrian government of Chancellor Dollfuss in a three-day civil war in February 1934 in which hundreds were killed both on the Socialist and on the government side. This was the first armed resistance against fascism in the Europe of the Thirties. It gave great encouragement to democrats everywhere, as was shown in the Spanish civil war which followed two years later.

Schrutkagasse 9, Vienna 13, Austria

Writing in wedlock

From John Arden

Now that he has properly explained it (Letters 6 June), I do at last take Julian Barnes's point: and I admit it would have been better if it had been mentioned, either by me, or in an editorial note, that Ms D'Arcy is my wife. Declaration of interest, yes: it makes sense.

But why did his first letter on the subject have to be couched in such a tone as to imply that he had in mind something rather more malicious than an objectively ethical correction of a sincere but hasty colleague? To unwittingly give rise to such suspicions in the reader surely in itself smacks of journalistic imprudence. It certainly confused me: and might well have done the same for any readers who would otherwise perhaps have concentrated their attention on the matter of the PTA.

Gort Roe, Corrandulla, Co Galway, Ireland

A taste of honey

From Marion Lloyd

The Agnes Varda Women's Collective wishes to reassure Mr Peter Cook (NS Letters, 23 May) that its projected film in which a literary editor of middle years is stripped naked, covered in warm honey, suspended by his genitalia from a chandelier, and then attacked by bees, will not be the fundamentally bee-ist movie he seems to fear. The bees, for instance, will certainly not have their stings removed at any stage, and the director will be required to stress the point that the bees are in no way symbolic of hostile nature's revengeful way with evolutionarily superior man. On the contrary, the bees will be seen as merely going about their normal business when they come across the sweet hanging bait of the literary editor. To further underline the point, the film will begin with a scene in which the same literary editor, in a fit of malicious glee, stamps in succession on a bee, a wasp, a bumblebee and a hornet. The audience will, we believe, be in no doubt as to where their dramatic sympathies should lie.

The Agnes Varda Women's Collective, London N7

A night in town

From H. C. Mullin

Finding myself in London recently, I had this rather unusual experience. Being filthy and exhausted, I booked into an hotel in the Kings Cross area of the city. To avoid the lady taking the booking misunderstanding me, I spoke in standard English, rather than in my usual delightful Glasgow accented English. This, possibly, was not wise, for I am assured that I sound like an Irishman when I use standard English.

Hours later I was wakened out of a sound sleep by the lights being switched on in my room. A man was standing at the door looking at me, and I could see by the movement of his lips that he was speaking. I explained to him that I could not hear without the use of two powerful hearing-aids (many lorry-drivers are similarly afflicted), and he made an apologetic gesture, extended his hand to shake mine, and turned to leave the room. Outside in the corridor I noticed four or five large gentlemen clad in mufti moving around, and then the light was switched off, and the door closed. In the morning I went on my journey; but on the way out of the hotel I was confronted with a large gentleman with blonde hair, who spoke with the accents of Belfast. This man looked long and narrowly at me.

Is this usual for London these days?

970 Maryhill Road, Glasgow

No influence

From P.R. Francis

An article under the heading 'Another "independent" government inquiry' in your issue of 30 May makes reference to the part played by the actuary in successive valuations of the Lucas Staff Pension Fund. As the actuary concerned I wish to make two points abundantly clear. First, I have at no time been influenced by the Company in the decisions I have taken regarding the assumptions to be made in the actuarial valuation. Secondly, my report on each actuarial valuation has been submitted to the Trustees, who include among their number elected representatives of the members.

R. Watson & Sons, Watson House, London Road, Reigate, Surrey

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Blossom time

How little it takes to shake the self-confidence of even somebody as complacent as I. Until about a fortnight ago my life here in Devon was running smoothly and, although I do not see myself as possessing pistons, flywheels, cylinders and slide-valves, like a well-oiled machine, as they say. 'Myrtlebank' was in all its early summer glory, its great south front ablaze with wistaria, clematis and climbing roses. The four clumps of arum lilies (don't be envious of me but they flourish finely here) are out (and I go into the present tense for they still are) and provide a real joy to the eye. Various pink and yellow rock plants are hard at it (the pasque-flowers were better than ever this year and all were fully a-bloom, as usual, in time for Easter) and any moment now the campanulas that cling to my low stone walls will be bursting into bluish-mauve splendour. The may trees, three in number (there used to be five but we had to say good-bye to the two that had flourished too violently and were removing too much light, air and sunshine) are in gorgeous flower, two pink, one red. In sum, an idyllic scene, *n'est-ce pas?* (and I here dwindle into frog for a reason that will shortly be apparent and to prepare you for what is to come).

And it is not only in the garden that everything, until those two weeks ago, was lovely. Appleton, our village, was its customary happy self, with tea-parties here and whist drives there and, for we are an unusually generous community, little presents of deep-frozen this and home-made that changing hands. Miss Entwhistle, enterprising as ever, is said to have made a lightning dash by rail (day trip and cheap fare, if cheap it may truly be called) to Oxford Street, which is still the Mecca of fashion as far as we are concerned, and to have returned with several startling new confections, and the phrase about mutton being dressed as lamb is hovering on some people's lips (and whatever, incidentally, became of mutton, mutton chops being in many ways far more succulent than lamb? What about boiled mutton and caper sauce? Legs of lamb don't work nearly as well. Possibly the lambs that are currently being refused elsewhere could be allowed to grow, reach seniority and become mutton). Canon Mountjoy reports that Berenice (Mrs Mountjoy) has quite recovered from her fall, which was not, I hasten to say and perish the thought, a fall from grace but a clumsy tumble over a flower-pot and a mishap that might happen to anybody. She can now, hooray, put both feet to the ground and Matins are once more a possibility.

We are at the moment without cocktail parties — no great hardship to me, as I can take them or leave them alone — our cocktail-providers, the Bultitudes, having left Heidelberg, whence came *Postkarten* which I regret to say spoke disparagingly of those who, to Giles, will for ever be Krauts, and being now in, surprise surprise, Cannes, whence also come *cartes postales* usually penned in Bunty's flowing fist (about three words to a line), making much mention of 'dos' on Laddy's yacht and kindly suggesting, as is her way, that the whole of Appleton should fly out and join them. Even if fully restored to mobility, I do not somehow see Berenice Mountjoy 'crewing' for Laddy.

It is typical of our dear village that (for they are fairly recent arrivals) we were able to absorb the Bultitudes and their relatively wild and exotic goings-on without a hiccough for their hearts are so very much in the right place and they are loved by all. That is the key. Who minds shrieks of 'Whack-oh!' and 'Cheerybung' when they come from such a kind, warm pair? An alarming tale is told of a neighbouring village in which a married couple from the Midlands decided to settle and who were, plainly, unacceptable and in the wrong spot — snooty (if for once I may use such a vulgar word), stingy, cold and pleased with themselves. Two old residents were heard discussing them in the village shop, one of whom let fall the ominous phrase 'Us'll get rid of they'. It took them, it seems, slightly less than a year.

But to my jolt. The Bultitudes are not great readers at any time and, even though currently in France, I rather doubt whether they dip very often into the thoughtful work of René Descartes and his *Le Discours de la Méthode.* He was *né,* I hardly need to remind you, in 1596, and *mort* fifty-four years later, and he gave out *pensée* after *pensée*, some of which, or so I gather from my Oxford Book of Quotations, were regrettably in Latin. I say regrettably because of the years of horror, misery and boredom inflicted by that dreadful tongue on countless generations of schoolboys. When one even faintly complained to those in authority, the answer was a parrot cry of either 'Oh, it will help you with your English' or 'Oh, it will help you to think logically.' Take your choice. The pitiful results are before you. There were various replies possible to these faulty assertions and I will choose, for the *NS* may well be by now, and who knows, 'family reading', the most seemly of them. Rubbish! However, and be that as it may, René's most popular *pensée* was, undoubtedly, *Cogito, ergo sum,* which readily translates itself into frog as *Je pense, donc je suis* or 'I think, therefore I exist', a *pensée* with which nobody has ever dreamt of quarrelling. My present trouble is that there is now doubt about *qui,* or 'who', *je suis.* Here is what befell me.

Old men certainly forget, and what they chiefly forget is what they told you five minutes ago and which they are happily in the process of telling you all over again, and so I therefore apologise if I have made constant previous mention of a, for me, enjoyable year when I was called in by my old friend, Hugh, or 'Binkie', Beaumont, the dazzlingly successful head of the theatrical firm of H. M. Tennent, to assist in the London production of a play called *Cactus Flower,* a French piece which originated triumphantly in Paris, then appeared, translated, in New York and which was now due for London, where the very American text had to be altered to suit English audiences, and this was the delightful task allotted to me.

All for me was *couleur de rose.* Our stars were Margaret Leighton and Tony Britton, that charmingly gifted and sensitive light comedian now appearing so winningly as Professor Higgins. Our theatre was the Lyric, its stage possessing what is called 'a revolve' (I never did tire of standing in the wings and watching the sets whirring round during the theatrical black-outs). And our American director was a splendidly bouncy and vigorous and experienced and efficient man of the stage and films and called Abe Burrows, who, although hotly contesting some of the many verbal changes that I had made in his script, was friendly and we got on well. He chose to regard me as being a typically English museum piece (fairly true, even then — it was 1967) and he went off into screeches of merry laughter when I chanced to mention my club in Pall Mall or some similar institution. But he was too polite to mock one unkindly and for the six weeks that we rehearsed and at frequent intervals during the seven months that we played and until Miss Leighton, previously committed, had to leave and go to New York, we had endless discussions and conferences and became, or so I felt, chummy colleagues. He was nice enough to wish me, while he was directing, to be ever at his side, and he looked about for me if I wasn't there (I once had to go to the BBC, a name which at once had him in stitches).

Abe has now written his autobiography, published in America but not yet here, I understand, where his name means not a great deal to the reading public. And it is not the only name to lack impact for a fortnight ago, a friend who has read the book informed me that, when referring kindly to the London production of *Cactus Flower,* he says that he was helped in the enterprise 'by a friend of Binkie's called Arthur Blossom'. Did you ever! What is one to make of it? For all these thirteen years I have been hanging about in the Burrows mind as 'Blossom'. To him, *je suis* Blossom. Well, I suppose it could have been a lot worse.

Roger Woddis

Safe as houses

'There is not the slightest danger, nor should anyone suggest it, of triggering off some kind of war by mistake.' — Defence Secretary Francis Pym.

Oh good, oh jolly good, I *am*
Relieved.
For one scary moment —
Well, two actually — or rather, three,
Including that hiccup last November —
I really believed
I'd be spread like jam,
Unfit to grace the human race,
Of which I am a paid-up member.

God, when I think
How the papers said
For three whole minutes
We were on the brink!
I blame the media.
They blow everything up,
Make things look worse than they really are.
It's far from *finita,* the old *commèdia.*
There'll be no war.

Well, I'll know next time.
When they talk of terror
And tell me I'm for it
Because of some small error
Curving through the sky,
I shall just ignore it.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Peter Burke

The Night before Mardi Gras

The Territory of the Historian by EMMANUEL LE ROY LADURIE *Harvester* £13.50
Montaillou: Cathars and Catholics in a French Village, 1294-1324 by E. LE ROY LADURIE *Penguin* £2.50
Carnival: a People's Uprising at Romans, 1579-1580 by E. LE ROY LADURIE. *Scolar* £12.50

A new book by Professor Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie is not only something of an event, but something of a surprise as well. One can never be sure what the man will do next. It was his thesis, *The Peasants of Languedoc,* published in 1966, which put his name on the historical map — a regional study in the classic French tradition, the southern equivalent of Pierre Goubert's earlier study of the Beauvaisis. Both works focussed on the peasantry and combined historical geography in the style of Fernand Braudel with meticulously quantitative economic history in the manner of Ernest Labrousse, the grey eminence of the French 'Annales School'.

However, Le Roy Ladurie went further in the quest for 'total history'. To the history of structures (environmental and social) and trends (economic and demographic) he added something that was lacking in Braudel's Mediterranean as in Goubert's Beauvaisis, though present in the work of the founders of *Annales,* Lucien Febvre and Marc Bloch. This was the study of the mentality of the peasants, the modes in which they perceived and experienced their world.

In another respect Le Roy Ladurie went beyond Febvre and Bloch, as well as Goubert and Braudel, and that was in the integration of penetrating but abstract analysis with the narrative of select events chosen for their exemplary or symbolic quality. The revolt of the Vivarais in 1670, for example, where the rebels declared that the servants would become gentlemen — and the gentlemen, servants — or the Carnival of Romans, a small town in Dauphiné where the festivities, in 1580, turned into a massacre.

Le Roy Ladurie's distinctive approach is to combine what it is convenient to call 'eco-history' and 'ethno-history'. The eco-history involves the study of rises and falls in birth and death rates, wheat and vine production, and so on, whether in Languedoc, France, or Europe as a whole. Masses of statistics are given life and meaning by being related to the model of a traditional, more or less Malthusian, eco-system by means of which the population of early modern Europe adapted itself to its environment. The ethno-history, on the other hand, is concerned with collective behaviour, more especially with rituals, as expressions of underlying attitudes, values, mentalities.

Both these approaches are made explicit in Le Roy Ladurie's essays and articles, now collected into two volumes under the title *The Territory of the Historian* (the English translation of the second volume is still in the press). The eco-history is represented by studies in the history of the climate, using tree-rings and glaciers, among other sources, and studies of the fluctuations of agricultural productivity, as measured by changes in the Church's receipts from the tithe. The ethno-history is represented in the second volume by a perceptive study of the novelist Nicholas Rétif de la Bretonne as an anthropologist *avant la lettre,* who described the social system of two villages in Burgundy at the end of the old regime; and in the first volume by a charming and evocative piece, 'In Normandy's Woods and Fields', which analyses the journal

of Gilles de Gouberville, a small landowner of Mesnil-en-Val in the Cotentin in the middle of the 16th century. These essays also reveal the immense intellectual appetite of Le Roy Ladurie, his capacity to digest Durkheim and Weber, Chayanov and Foucault, Sahlins and Bourdieu, and to put them to his own uses.

Gouberville was a landowner, and Rétif de la Bretonne a professional writer. Both saw the peasants through the eyes of outsiders. The search for more direct testimony of peasant life drove Le Roy Ladurie back, curiously enough, to the Middle Ages. A virtually unique document promised to illuminate the rural world of south-west France around the year 1300. The bishop of Pamiers, who later became pope Benedict XII, was assiduous in the pursuit of heretics, who had gone underground after the suppression of the Albigensian movement. His Inquisition Register records interrogations of a hundred-odd people, including 25 inhabitants of one mountain village, Montaillou. The register is well known and has been printed and studied as a source for the history of the Cathars. Le Roy Ladurie's inspiration was to see it as a medieval *Akenfield,* a set of interviews (with a 10 per cent sample of the population), in which the villagers described their own world. All he had to do was to assemble their casual remarks into a coherent portrait of a community.

The result was a book which has topped the non-fiction best-seller lists in France and provoked much discussion in the historical world, It commands admiration for the unforgettably vivid portraits of individuals, from the womanising priest Pierre Clergue to the innocent shepherd Pierre Maury. However, this is more than a portrait-gallery of 'medieval people', in the manner of Eileen Power, it also claims to reveal the mental and social structures of the medieval Mediterranean world. Part 1, 'the ecology of Montaillou', concentrates on the material culture of this mountain village, with its stone houses and its sheep. Part 2, ' an archaeology of Montaillou' ('archaeology' in the sense of Michel Foucault, not Mortimer Wheeler), focusses on attitudes — permissive attitudes to sex, vague conceptions of time, and so on. In other words, eco-history and ethno-history.

Whether the source, a series of testimonies produced in an interrogation situation and translated from the villagers' native occitan into Latin, allows an accurate picture of Montaillou is a difficult question; ordinary interviews are unreliable enough. Still more awkward is the question whether Montaillou is or is not typical of a wider world. Personally, I swallow the eco-history whole, while finding some of the ethno-history a little difficult to digest. Some professional medievalists have been more sceptical, and it is a pity that this new edition did not take the opportunity to direct interested readers to their comments. However, the book is a brilliant tour de force which makes dry bones live, and it is good to see the abridged English translation made available to a wider audience.

Meanwhile Le Roy Ladurie has moved on. His latest book takes us from the Ariège to Dauphiné, from the 14th century to the 16th, from a village of some 250 people to a city of seven to eight thousand (about the size of Elizabethan Exeter), and — the biggest surprise from an old student of Braudel's — from

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the history of structures to the history of events. This large book (translated in full this time) is essentially a narrative of two weeks in February 1580. The outline of the story appeared 14 years ago in *The Peasants of Languedoc;* it is the tale of a carnival which ended in a massacre.

On St Blaise's Day, 3 February 1580, the customary festive parade through the streets of Romans was not entirely playful. Led by Jean Paumier, a draper who excelled in the local sports of handball and shooting with the arquebus, craftsmen and peasants (many peasants lived in the city) 'proclaimed that the rich of their town had grown rich at the expense of the poor people'; in other words, corruption in the town hall. The patricians apparently feared retribution and decided on a pre-emptive strike. Craftsmen and peasants had organised themselves into three festive societies or 'kingdoms', Sheep, Hare and Capon. The patricians in their turn set up the Rooster, Eagle and Partridge kingdoms, but made a certain Laroche, a ropemaker who had quarrelled with Paumier, the Partridge 'king'. The night before Mardi Gras, a Partridge group went to Paumier's house, shouted for him and shot him dead at his own door. There followed a massacre of the peasants by the local gentry and the trial and execution of the leaders of the Paumier party, accused of an attempted takeover. The dead Paumier was hanged in effigy.

The sources, two contemporary accounts, do not permit the painting of portraits as vivid as those of the villagers of Montaillou, but two characters do stand out clearly. There is the politically moderate but personally flamboyant Paumier, who turned up at meetings of the town council dressed in a bear skin, and his enemy judge Guérin, the 'town boss' of Romans. If Paumier was something of a wild man, Guérin was a spider at the centre of a political web in which his enemies became entangled.

This book is one of the most obvious symptoms of the revival of historical narrative, recently diagnosed by Professor Lawrence Stone. However, it is narrative with a difference. Le Roy Ladurie enjoys telling his story and he tells it well; but he does not tell it for its own sake. The events of February 1580 are examined to reveal the schism within the community in which they took place. The Carnival of Romans is treated as a 'social drama' in the manner of anthropologists such as Victor Turner and Clifford Geertz, of whose work Le Roy Ladurie is well aware. What he has given us is another outstanding piece of ethno-history.

Turning a powerful searchlight on this small town in rural society, he sweeps it from different angles, explaining the iconography of the Carnival, the meaning of the shrouds, flails and Swiss drums carried by Paumier's party. Switzerland stood for equality, and a Swiss drum was a symbol as evocative as a steelband in Notting Hill today. He analyses not only the discourse of Carnival, the fantasies of the world turned upside down and the 'flesh of christians' selling for '6 deniers the pound', but also the social topography of Carnival, the association of particular kingdoms with quarters and groups. And of course he fills in the political background; the wars of religion, the bankruptcy of the town, and the conflict in the province over the question of noble exemption from taxes.

After some hesitation, Le Roy Ladurie declares that the Carnival of Romans was the acting out of a class struggle. The reason for the hesitation is that there were several different conflicts going on which merged into one another. Centre versus periphery; Guérin controlled the town hall, but Paumier the town gates. Catholic versus Protestant; Guérin claimed to fear a Protestant coup. Rich versus poor — though a closer analysis shows that the Paumier party came from the middle ranges of the craftsmen, and could not count on the support of those below them.

The translation is not always accurate and fails to catch the lively, colloquial, staccato style of the original. However, the book makes its impact as an ingenious and successful combination of narrative and analysis, micro-history and macro-history. It will no doubt be imitated by historians. Sociologists, too, might do well to approach contemporary Belfast or Bristol, Chicago or Miami, as Le Roy Ladurie has approached 16th-century Romans.

Brian Martin

Fled Music

Vision Quest by TERRY DAVIS *Chatto* £5.95
Lamb by BERNARD MACLAVERTY *Cape* £4.95
Ambrose's Vision by GILES GORDON *Harvester* £6.95
Store up the Anger by WESSEL EBERSOHN *Gollancz* £5.95

One of the characters in Terry Davis's energetic first novel *Vision Quest* is named Balldozer for reasons to do with the physical side of American High School wrestling. He says to the hero, Louden Swain, who quickly proves not to be the average, muscley, dumb jock, and who as narrator provides us with a selected American literature reading list as long as the Columbia river, 'Oh, you're writing about growing up'. Adolescent ferment, his grapplings with Portnoy's complaint, his couplings with prematurely stretch-marked girl-friend Carla, all constitute the background for Louden's modern all-American boy's equivalent of the red-Indian's 'vision quest', 'to discover who you are . . . and how you fit into the circle of birth and growth and death and rebirth.'

The style is admirably direct, open, colloquial, at points stuffed with bits of wrestling jargon, at others with nicely turned phrases such as 'cookie crumbling rug rats' for small, messy toddlers. There is a breathless vigour in both narrative and dialogue as our hero jogs and wrestles his way to the target weight of 147 pounds which enables him to match against his rival, Shute. He does much more besides: in the US quite clearly, if it is not the confessional, or the psychotherapist, it has to be the novel. Familiar echoes sound: Kurt Vonnegut Jnr here, Philip Roth there. The novel ends, as it began, on the mat, with Louden getting to grips with Shute, urged on by a brilliant flash of Rolling Stones panties worn by one of his chief supporters.

In Bernard MacLaverty's *Lamb,* another first novel, a repressive Irish boarding school run by Roman Catholic Brothers is the initial setting. Michael Lamb, otherwise known as Brother Sebastian within the Order, absconds with a 12-year-old, incontinent epileptic, Owen Kane. The Superior of the school, Brother Benedict, is a hard-headed, authoritarian celibate with a salacious mind, who delights in lubricious remarks — 'Boys should be neutered: it would save on the laundry bills'. Lamb, convinced that 'the saving of an individual is more important than the law', takes Owen to London because, as Brother Benedict puts it, 'The Church in Ireland has as many fingers as there are pies'. Unfortunately there are pies in London as well; so, back to Ireland they have to go to their final solution.

More intense than Michael Campbell's *Lord Dismiss Us* in exploring the difficult love relationship— 'If asked, he would undoubtedly say that he loved the boy' — MacLaverty is also acutely disturbing. As with *Vision Quest* there is no doubt of authenticity. Ireland is like this: Brother Benedict sees the IRA as men of vision; Brother Sebastian tempers that enthusiasm, 'Anger, hatred spoil the purity of vision and the result is evil.' A series of ingenious ironies and clever chapter endings run through the book. It has the gently quickening pace of the best thrillers and the remorselessness of tragedy.

Neither a vision, nor a waking dream, is *Ambrose's Vision:* more a kaleidoscopic nightmare really. Ambrose, described in his childhood, as a 'philosophical, metaphysical dwarf', is obsessed by the cathedral he must build. There being no seasons in Illyria, as one of Giles Gordon's collected epigraphs tells us, the 20th century gives way to the Middle Ages. Merlin, Arthur's knights, even angels, come and go. One knight, 'His face young and eager, blue eyes and blond hair, an archetypal grail hunter', actually comes across the holy chalice: in alarm he wheels away. 'The quest was what he was about, not the discovery.' At the end of this fragmentary novel, grail-less the confused reader similarly turns away in despair.

Unable to decide whether he wanted 'ernest or game' (from yet another epigraph), Gordon packs the book with infelicities of style. The clichés are worked to death: the spire, of course, is phallic, and Ambrose's 'shaft had been Romanesque, was now Perpendicular'. Annoyingly slick and inconsequential paradoxes constantly crop up: 'If horses could think, thought the horse; if horses could talk, the things that horses would think and tell.'

It certainly keeps you guessing. What, for instance, is the difference between art and accident? Is page 140 falsely transposed or does Gordon mean it? Where does the novel go after page 147? On to page 148, you might riposte. Your guess is as good as mine. Do I wake or sleep?

The concrete present of Ebersohn's *Store up the Anger* is the last few hours of Sam Bhengu's life in a Security HQ of the South African police and a police hospital cell. Sam's thoughts and observations in his semi-paralysed, dying state are interspersed with flash-backs to his growing up, and the Sophiatown and Cato Manor riots. The appalling cruelty of the South African system is exposed in the horrific treatment dealt out to Sam. He is sandbagged at the base of his skull; he is forced to drink urine. An equivocating doctor repeatedly remarks to the police of Sam's behaviour, 'He could be shamming', but another retorts, 'Good Lord, Frank ... How do you feign blood in your spinal fluid?'

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T. S. Eliot's 'The boredom, the horror, and the glory' are the basis of this important novel which must help understanding of South Africa's predicament. Ebersohn appears fair, balanced and without prejudice: even the Security police are treated as various human beings, bored, disaffected, worried about promotion, angry. Sam, too, is an ordinary man; but, at the same time, hero, martyr and saint.

John Mole

Trick or Treat

Hello, Darkness by L. E. SISSMAN *Secker* £7.95
History of Him by GEOFFREY GRIGSON *Secker* £4.50
The Man I Killed by LAURENCE LERNER *Secker* £3.95
The Lament of the Border-Guard by PATRICK CREAGH *Carcanet* £2.95
Lies and Dreams by CLIFF ASHBY *Carcanet* £2.95

When L. E. Sissman died in 1976, 11 years after the diagnosis of Hodgkins disease, he had published three volumes of poetry and a number of poems in magazines. The latter have been gathered by his literary executor, Peter Davison, to make a fourth section of this bulky Collected Edition. The appearance in America of *Hello, Darkness* has aroused some enthusiasm for a poet who, despite receiving several of the usual awards and honours, according to Davison, suffered throughout much of his short writing career from 'the moral terrorists who dominated the poetry business of the time'. John Updike has praised his 'antic exactitude' — a novelist's recognition of narrative skills and a propensity for juggling with snatches of dialogue — but the context in which this book is now presented suggests a partly-achieved restitution, a kind of hesitancy at the heart of the posthumous accolades.

The doubts seem to me to be justified. Sissman's reach is considerable but his grasp is that of an ill-starred prestidigitator. Historico-autobiographical sequences of admirable scope keep drawing attention away from their important themes to awful puns and seemingly endless, submerged literary quotations. Again and again one can sense the poet struggling with the happily successful advertiser, who knows that he has a fatal predilection for 'parlour games with words, my petty pace' (yes, *Macbeth*), to achieve a level seriousness, managing it for a stretch, then letting it all slip for the sake of a borrowed phrase cleverly applied. This is even the case with some potentially moving poems about the later stages of his illness. His courage is unquestionable and one *wants* the poetry to succeed, but the literary wit — a necessary defence? — obtrudes:

> Nowhere is all around us, pressureless,
> A vacuum waiting for a rupture in
> The tegument, a puncture in the skin,
> To pass inside without a password and
> Implode us into Erewhon.

Despite the ultimately deadening effect of relentless iambics which, like the mad, bubblegum chewing nurse in 'A Life in Alabaster Street', 'chews/On in deep beats', Sissman's attention to American social detail is enjoyable and he often rises to a melancholy lyricism which recalls the paintings of Edward Hopper on whom he bases a quartet of good pieces. He obviously admires Hopper's 'pantechnicon of mise-en-scène' and it seems appropriate that his own chief gift should be for the deployment of interesting furniture. But Hopper's paintings, once seen, are unforgettable, whereas I finished *Hello, Darkness* wishing I could remember more of what I had read.

Geoffrey Grigson's new collection is a notebook of relish and baffled gratitude. What he values in a poem is immediacy which — as he explained in a preface to what I still consider his best volume, *Discoveries of Bones and Stones* — is 'a matter of trope, rhythm, vision, surprise, illumination, darkness, release, rest and assurance'. He achieves this himself, and admirably, in the small measure of his own art. The syntax is full of urgent inversions — tiny labyrinths of stress and relaxation, 'worrying the intricate/Nonsense of our fate'. There is an air of the necessarily provisional. 'No Explanation', from which that quotation is taken, is a reworking almost phrase by phrase of 'Not in a Twinkling' which appears ten pages earlier, and the miscellaneous arrangement of *History of Him* is such that one senses Grigson's reaction to the reviewer pointing this out would simply be, 'Any fool can see that?'. As for the fools, they receive their usual quota of trivial squibs — unfortunately placed at the end of the book, drawing undue attention to themselves — but, again, silly though they are, I imagine that Grigson insisted on their inclusion: they complete the picture of an enthusiast for whom satire (however limp) is an essential means of clearing the ground for love:

> *I love to live, I live to love* —
> Whose excellent motto, excellent
> Line was that, *I love to live,*
> *I live to love,* the absolute theme,
> Extruded, a god's arm out of the ground,
> From the last seconds of my dream?

Like Grigson, Laurence Lerner, for all his structural ingenuity does not wander far from 'the absolute theme'. The best poems in *The Man I Killed* are among the most moving new work I have come across for some time. Lerner's method is to mix conversation with a carefully modulated rhetoric of cadence and repetition. Detail and orchestration lure the imagination towards a poem's central statement, giving it a sudden resonance. This cannot be demonstrated in a short review, but buy the book and read it slowly; notice how 'Raspberries' gradually converges its arguments of love and loss upon the lines 'Tasting not only of death (I could bear that)/But of death and of you together', or how the plain, opening statement of 'In Memoriam: 17 June 1977' becomes so disturbingly beautiful when it is repeated at the end of the poem. Here, and in the other successes which include 'Flesh', 'Back Home' and 'to Sarah Burge', Lerner is a discreet psalmist, rooted in the everyday world of 'the fruiting and falling' — 'I walk the familiar paths, knowing the story' — but never comfortably at home: 'Suddenly the blue/And faceless gaps between the trees/Are where I long to be'. *The Man I Killed* also contains some over-clever, modish work, and Lerner can sometimes fall too easily for the self-

THIS WEEK

The white Gandhi

Patrick Leigh Fermor on Athens

Michael Carver on Julius Caesar

Philip Larkin on D. H. Lawrence

Gurdjieff and Ouspensky

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advertising simile — 'They were brewing damnation; I smelt it; it bubbled like curry' — but in the main this is a very satisfying collection.

Patrick Creagh's tone is one of studied lamentation. He speaks throughout his book like the title poem's border-guard: 'I have the power to bind and to loose/but only if someone comes' or, elsewhere, 'I don't quite know what's left of me/but I sit at the airport waiting/and the empty planes come in and in'. There are six sequences, the first of which causes some initial confusion due to a bizarre printer's error which has exchanged its title for that of the second, and each of them contributes to a solemn mosaic, a cryptic melancholia. I'm afraid I found *The Lament of the Border-Guard* dispiriting and excessively self-conscious.

In a splendid section of *Lies and Dreams*, Cliff Ashby describes the morning school where 'I learnt about/The man up there, God,/And the bloke below/Sammy Satan'. Sammy and the Almighty tussle on Ashby's home ground throughout this book which is a great improvement on his previous collection. His eye for grim local detail, the recesses of individual deprivation, is remorseless, but his definitions of anxiety are often sharpened by a kind of knock-about humour: 'It was untidy living. Guilt/Gave us apple/Pie beds'. Ashby's poetry is 'rough old scrumpy', often bitter, but generous in its energy, and consistently entertaining.

Theory & Experience (2)

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS reviews an important new contribution to contemporary socialist theory

Arguments Within English Marxism by PERRY ANDERSON *NLB* £10 & *Verso* £3.95

TWO DECADES AGO, when Isaac Deutscher addressed a rally in London with a stirring call 'Into the Red Sixties', few members of his audience could have expected to be in such low water at full 20 years on. Fifteen years ago, when Perry Anderson and Edward Thompson first crossed swords about English history, few of those who followed the argument can have done so in the knowledge that we would still be engaged with it in 1980. The waves of activism in between have not been wasted — southern Europe has been cleansed of fascism, Stalinism has sunk into even deeper discredit, the Pentagon does not get all its own way in foreign policy — but here we are in a full-blooded Tory renaissance. The *ancien régime* is smirking still. Was there perhaps something theoretically amiss?

Edward Thompson thinks that there was, and is. He has been directing a polemic against a nexus of intellectual fashions on the Left; a polemic previously opposed by Perry Anderson on the grounds of its emotional and empirical character. Two years ago Thompson mounted an attack against Louis Althusser as the *fons et origo* of neo-Stalinist euphemism. Since Anderson is no great admirer of Althusser either, his latest critique of Thompson's position is refracted in a more diverse and suggestive manner. *Arguments Within English Marxism* is a book which even a non-socialist would benefit from reading.

EDWARD THOMPSON has two related claims on our attention. He has rescued large tracts of our past from the palsied grip of the Tory historians. And he has built on this tradition to declare, in our own time, a people's war on the new authoritarianism; the tightening noose of executive and police power; the secret preparation of a 'warfare state'. His commitment to discovery and to historical learning has moved him to rake Althusser and his disciples with an unsparing fusillade:

> Today, structuralisms engross this reality from every side; we are *structured* by social relations, *spoken* by pre-given linguistic structures, *thought* by ideologies, *dreamed* by myths, *gendered* by patriarchal sexual norms, *bonded* by affective obligations, *cultured* by *mentalités*, and *acted* by history's script. None of these ideas is, in origin, absurd, and some rest upon substantial additions to knowledge. But all slip, at a certain point, from sense to absurdity, and, in their sum, all arrive at a common terminus of unfreedom. Structuralism (this terminus of the absurd) is the ultimate product of self-alienated reason — 'reflecting' the common sense of the times — in which all human projects, endeavours, institutions, and even culture itself, appear to stand *outside* of men, to stand *against* men, as objective things, as the 'Other' which, in its own turn, moves men around as things. In the old days, the Other was then named 'God' or Fate. Today it has been christened anew as Structure.

It's essential to quote this at length, to give an idea of Thompson's urgent perception of the deformity (as well as some flavour of his style). This is how he asserts 'the human factor' against Althusser's arid handling of contradiction.

The core of the argument between the three protagonists is to be found in Marx's 1859 Preface, where the curious may find his conception of social transformation. Marx held that economy and society were not a unity but a running battle, and that society would change when the forces of production were throttled by the relations of production.

> In considering such transformations, a distinction should always be made between the material transformation of the economic conditions of production, which can be determined with the precision of natural science, and the legal, political, religious, aesthetic or philosophic — in short ideological forms in which men become conscious of this conflict and fight it out.

Anderson does not actually employ this quotation, but his argument is *very roughly* that while Althusser overemphasises the first half of the sentence, Edward Thompson tends to stress the second. Thus, while Althusser's work emerges as opaque and dogmatic, assuming what it has to prove and devaluing the concept of evidence, Thompson's critique of it has a tendency to overbalance into purely empirical and insular procedures.

ANDERSON PROPOSES rather boldly that all sides should respect Sir Karl Popper's criterion of 'falsifiability' when weighing up arguments. Two further admonitions emerge here, both of them employed by Anderson either in this or earlier essays on the same topic. The first is germane to Althusser, and comes from Engels who remarked that: 'The materialist conception of history . . . has a lot of friends nowadays to whom it serves as an excuse for *not* studying history.' There in a phrase is what Thompson means about Althusser and his idealistic method. But the second caution is opposite and symmetrical, drawn from Oakeshott, who observed:

> Experience, of all words in the philosophic vocabulary, is the most difficult to manage; and it must be the ambition of every writer reckless enough to use the word to escape the ambiguities it contains.

Anderson argues, in the most fraternal manner, that Thompson has not taken this warning to heart. His argument at this point takes on an exceptional fluency and subtlety, touching many of the key points of socialist morality, socialist history and the socialist future. Its core is a very elegant restatement of the undogmatic essence of Marx.

Anderson insists on the classic distinction between 'class in itself' and 'class for itself'. He meets Thompson's objection (that such a method reduces people to mere economic categories) while avoiding Althusser's unhistorical and determinist errors in the opposite direction. Just as we do not judge individuals by what they think of themselves, so we do not say that a group lacking in social consciousness is not, even so, in some way historically determined. The relevance of this to the present is not negligible, at a time when many 'Marxists' (Eurocommunists, some German socialists) are not at all revolutionary, and many 'revolutionaries' are not Marxists (Italian nihilists, some Third World guerrillas, many post-1968 formations *passim*).

This doesn't solve the problem so much as identify it more carefully. The relation between subjective and objective factors, the differing roles played by human consciousness and material conditions, all these have yet to be assigned their proper order of importance. Engels, in his famous 'infinite parallelogram', whereby history is made by a series of 'wills', some general and some individual but always conflicting and intersecting, merely perpetuated the difficulty by recasting it in new words.

Louis Althusser's self-justifying theorems invariably have much the same effect, only with added eccentricity. Edward Thompson's 'felt identity of interest' expresses a preference for the moving role of consciousness in history, but is also a bit one-sided. Anderson's ambitious resolution of this is to propose Antonio Gramsci as the thinker who best reconciles the warring interpretations of 'base' and 'superstructure', of consciousness and class. The two elements, at once inseparable and indispensable, as well as interdependent, are best expressed in their true proportions by Gramsci — and in a manner which is humane without being idealistic. (And which, one might add, is neither Muscovite nor social democratic in origin or content.)

THESE CONCLUSIONS and suggestions lead to a discussion of morality on the Left: a neglected subject which some prefer to subsume into 'objectivity'. Obviously, each individual, however much he or she is thrown into battle and conflict by 'impersonal' forces, must have some basis for his or her commit-

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ment. It would be pedantic and misleading to point to 'ineluctable movements'; there remains an irreducible particle of free choice. One of the aims of socialism must be to enhance that freedom of choice, not to belittle it as a self-indulgent or fictitious idea. Otherwise it becomes impossible to propose any vision of the future. Anderson's distinction between moral consciousness — the product of a free and equal society — and moral*ism* — the vapid exaltation of ethical rhetoric — is very salutary. As he points out, it is too easy to substitute the second for the first, and to forget historical explanation.

He handles this question well in his treatment of Thompson's work on William Morris. He starts with a Canossa, freely admitting his own part in the general and foolish relegation of Morris — a relegation from which Thompson has saved him in a number of books and articles. He makes a full and generous restitution, and admits the value of Utopianism — another area where socialists too often feel embarrassment.

Althusser's dismal and chaotic reading of 'scientific socialism' offers very little by way of hope — Gramsci's 'optimism of the will'. (Morris, perhaps, offers too much. But the point remains.) The real question is; can hope be made 'realistic'? Can socialism create the necessary conditions for better human relations? And can it create them from the existing resources?

Again, Anderson attempts to Europeanise the argument. We have in our midst, he reminds us, a truly Utopian yet practical writer — in the figure of Rudolf Bahro. His book, *The Alternative*, is full of the promise of a better world, but it is grounded in thoroughgoing factual and economic study. Unlike *News from Nowhere* it is not, in the usual sense of the term (but perhaps in the best sense) a work of the imagination. It looks to the future but it lives, as Bahro does, in the menacing and tyrannical present. It has a morality, a very deep one, but it does not moralise. Its attitude to 'human nature' needs no fantasy or illusion.

IN PROPOSING Gramsci and Bahro as serious objects of study and disputation, Anderson delivers a veiled rebuke to Thompson's former spleen against the cosmopolitanism of *New Left Review*. He does not imply that Thompson is chauvinistic — the idea is a crass one. But he does suggest that intellectual import controls are no better than the other kind.

There is, therefore, a sort of ontological crux to this three-way argument. Althusser is almost straightforwardly anti-historical and has spawned a pointless school of anti-history (whose epigones maintain in print that 'facts are never given, they are always produced'). Thompson's exuberant attitude to history, like his brilliance in handling local and molecular detail, risks the conclusion that one can somehow worry and tease a new strategy from an existing if submerged 'great tradition'. Anderson advances the modest but strict idea of a conceptual reading of history; a recognition of its limitations but a definition of it as science. A science, perhaps, without obvious experiments, but then 'astronomy permits of no laboratory tests either'.

That might sound a deceptively easy position to take. Anderson puts it forward in such a way as to extend a hand to Thompson. He cites his *Whigs and Hunters* as an example of the kind of history we should be considering and looking for. In particular, he praises

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Thompson's discussion of the idea of law in social conflict. 'The Law', they agree, is one way of examining base and superstructure, and their relationships. In the period covered by *Whigs and Hunters*, law was neither the open class rule of vulgar marxist fantasy, nor the Olympian and impartial justice of liberal legend. It was 'a genuine forum within which certain kinds of class conflict were fought out' — and often to the disadvantage of the established and possessing classes.

THIS AGREEMENT nevertheless leads to a later quarrel. Anderson feels that, in the present crisis of civil and political liberties, Thompson's idea of the law gives too much away. His defence of the jury system, and of the privileges of Parliament, as objectively radical gains from the past, is seductive but too defensive. It can lead, Anderson suspects, to a kind of classless and libertarian radicalism, which underestimates the need for explicitly socialist politics and forgets that the Tories, too, can bang the 'anti-state' drum. (Though not, one would have to add, when it comes to police and 'security'.)

Thompson feels a tremendous sense of urgency (which he has marvellously communicated to others) about the *crisis of civilisation* that we face, and the possibility that intelligent life will be extirpated from the planet. Anderson does not deny this urgency, but he is reluctant to dilute class analysis in pursuit of a 'broad alliance':

> Morality without strategy, a humane socialism equipped only with an ethic against a hostile world, is doomed to needless tragedy: a nobility without force leads to disaster, as the names of Dubcek and Allende remind us.

Mention of Dubcek and Allende highlights the main weakness of the book. 'English Marxism' may be disputed territory, but the tools and the syntax are international. There is no mention, in a book which matches Euromarxism (Gramsci and Bahro) against all comers, of the debate over Britain and the EEC which divided Anderson from Thompson in the past and divides the Left today. There are some uncharacteristically sloppy references to Stalinism — one of the main background themes of the book — as when Anderson permits himself to call the 1948 events in Bulgaria and Czechoslovakia 'quasi-revolutions'. While praising Thompson's evocation of the Communist and Resistance tradition, he omits to mention Stalinist collaboration with Nazism before, during and after the Pact.

THESE FAILURES of perspective blemish an otherwise invaluable book. So what is the 'relevance' of this exchange? We are passing through a time when, while the Left debates alternative roads to socialism, the audience for the socialist idea shows some sign of diminishing. And a time when, despite its unprecedented economic enfeeblement, the British Establishment is still relatively buoyant and convincing on the political plane. So that any attempt at theoretical clarity on the Left is welcome, especially at this high standard. Lionel Trilling remarked of the Leavis-Snow debate that, unlike most English argument, it was essentially a dispute between two roundheads. The Anderson-Thompson encounter is one between two Leveller captains, and is all the better for it.

David Benedictus

Boys Will be Boys

From Middle England by PHILIP OAKES *Deutsch* £5.95
Unreliable Memoirs by CLIVE JAMES *Cape* £5.50

Philip Oakes was born in the Potteries in 1925. His father died when he was four, and his mother, an invalid, sent him to the Royal Orphanage School in Wolverhampton. At the end of his first volume of reminiscences (more, I hope, will be forthcoming) he holds his mother's hand as the radio (wireless surely?) 'told us that we were at war with Germany':

> 'Don't cry,' I said. 'I'll look after you. We'll be all right.'
> She knocked my hand away as if it was a hot iron.
> 'I'm not crying for myself,' she said. 'Or for you. It's for those young men. So many are going to die.'

Clive James was born in 1939 in Kogarah, New South Wales. His father was a POW of the Japanese, and died when the plane bringing him home at the end of the war crashed in a typhoon. At the end of his first volume of reminiscences (more, I'm sure, will be forthcoming) he sails away from Australia and from his mother:

> Which ship was it that she was seeing? Was it her husband or her son who stood at the other end of the swooping ribbon that grew straight, then taut, then snapped?

Clive's book begins when Philip's ends, with the outbreak of war. Boys like wars better than their mothers do. Clive plays with his Uncle Vic's Owen gun 'blasting the nasturtiums'. Philip greets the outbreak of war by zooming around the lawn 'spitting imaginary bullets at the lupins and antirrhinums'. Many and curious are the similarities between these two boys brought up on opposite sides of the globe. Clive is encouraged to look at his grandfather's corpse ('the old man merely looked as if he'd been bored out of existence'); Philip lifts the nightgown from his grandmother's corpse to see his first naked woman. (Later, in a scene exactly parallelled by one in Leslie Thomas's dire *His Lordship,* he watches through a grille in the ceiling while a tall schoolgirl undresses.) Clive gets hooked on *Tip Top, Wizard, Rover, Hotspur* and *Champion.* Philip's favourite reading is *Magnet, Hotspur* and *Wizard.* Both are to become successful London-based journalists, which may be significant! Both become expert in inflicting and enduring Chinese burn. Both fight in quarries with gangs. Both have memorable tussles with lime lollies. Clive's is called a Skybomber and he describes it with characteristic flamboyance:

> A tetrahedron of deep green, lime-flavoured water frozen so hard that its surface had no grain. You had to suck it for half an hour before it gave in and became friable.

Philip's is merely 'an icy green tablet impaled on a stick', and no sooner has he bitten it than Mrs Aarons presses him to her stomach — 'a firm rubber mattress smelling of soap and bath salts'. Clive keeps words spinning like saucers on poles. Philip has trained his to do his bidding like liberty horses.

Philip suffers from impetigo — young Philip that is — Clive from sinusitis, and both are seriously concerned, as who wouldn't be, about their diminutive penises. Clive compares his with a saveloy. Philip describes his friend Fisher's as 'like a small sausage roll with the meat slightly protruding from the pastry'. Abdominal anxieties sort themselves out, I'm glad to say, and, in Clive's case, the problem becomes one of how to conceal it rather than how to find it. If only these two volumes were made required reading at primary schools a great deal of biological unease might be prevented.

Despite these remarkable parallels the books are as distinct as the men who wrote them. Philip is a poet and his recall is so total that it's as though he had preserved his childhood in aspic. Here he is being left alone at his Bluecoat school by his mother's housekeeper:

> Mary stood to one side, her fingers twined, her toes turned inwards and I saw, as if for the first time, the bulge on her left foot, like a pebble wedged beneath the glace kid, where she said a bunion plagued her. 'Well,' she said, 'it's time to be off. There's a train in just under the hour. If I catch that I'll be back in time to get your mother her tea.'
> The vision of that distant house, stilled now without my presence, where my mother sat staring blindly into the garden was unbearable. 'Tell her I love her,' I gulped.

The characters from the menagerie of Philip's youth are drawn as boldly as Stanley Spencer's Cookham villagers; like Barrie Hines, Laurie Lee, Dylan Thomas and Stan Barstow, he has the pass-key to his childhood, and lets us in. He writes (except on the tenth line of page 53) with the greatest care, and is not ashamed to be literary.

Clive is slap-dash and racy. He drops names as though engaged in saturation bombing. He is funny because he enjoys his virtuosity, and bursts the bubble of his own pomposity disarmingly.

> Rilke used to say that no poet would mind going to gaol, since he would at least have time to explore the treasure-house of his memory. In many respects Rilke was a prick.

No sooner has he invited us to share the sacred liturgy of Lilith Talbot's beauty than he confides:

> Lilith Talbot is among my fondest memories. And you can stop thinking she is a figment of my imagination. Of course she is.

He can be very wise ('the essence of a class system is not that the privileged are conscious of their privileges, but that the deprived are conscious of their deprivation') and very foolish ('the main difference between an adult and an adolescent is the ability to keep secrets' — with the implication that an adult *can* and an adolescent *can't*). He is both afraid that you will take him seriously, constantly warning you that what you are reading is a work of fiction — which it evidently isn't — and worried that you won't.

Philip has told us the truth elegantly, as he remembers it. Clive lies outrageously but unconvincingly. We believe both. Says Clive in a preface which is characteristically both conceited and self-deprecating: 'One doesn't expect to get away with it for ever.' Says Philip in a poem: 'Initially/The world is what you taste, and feel, and see/The other senses follow. Values come last.'

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

John Spurling

Master of a few Acres

Andrew Wyeth *Royal Academy*

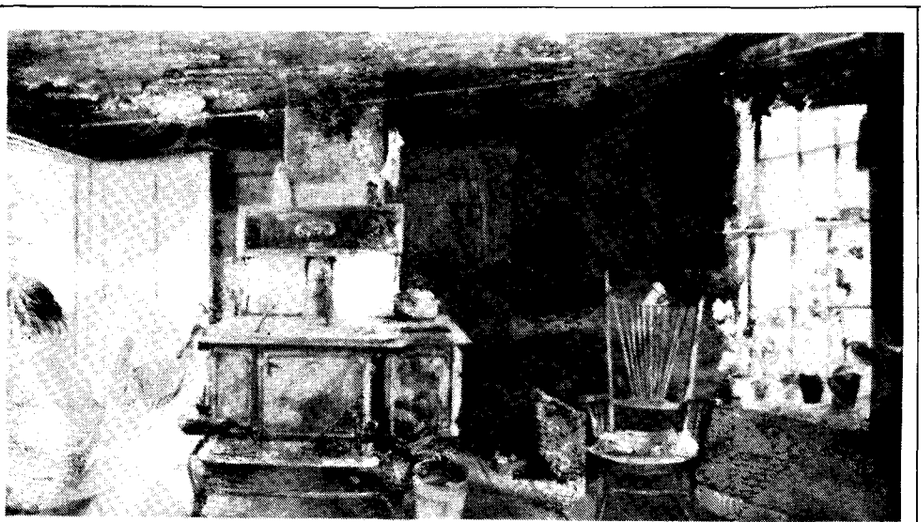
A pair of old grey boots alone on a bare beach; a woman asleep near her dog in a meadow of long grass; gauze curtains blowing in at a window; a narrow, dark kitchen containing an elegant, vintage stove; a German helmet filled with pine-cones; wolf-like dogs in a snowy landscape; the back of a farm cart picked out in sunlight against the dark interior of its shed. Andrew Wyeth's high-definition images are like moments from some beautifully-textured art-movie, their apparent objectivity infused with oblique meaning. Gathered together, put in the right order, they seem ready to turn into one of those slow, tragic stories in a rural setting, intimations of mortality by Antonioni or Fassbinder out of Hardy or Fontane.

Indeed in a book arranged by his wife Betsy — *Wyeth at Kuerners* — Wyeth's innumerable sketches and paintings of the Kuerners' farm in Pennsylvania do become a kind of story. Although he is American and although most of his characteristic work has been done since 1945, these are essentially Victorian paintings, not in any pejorative sense, but simply because by their combination of exact surface rendering with significant subject-matter they work in a Victorian way. But whereas Soviet Realism, for instance, is a distinct deterioration from 19th-century realism — in that its meaning and its method are cruder and more formulaic — Wyeth improves on the Victorians, at least to our taste, by his greater rigour and emotional maturity. He is seldom, if ever, sentimental.

His rigour depends first of all on his chosen settings — two particular places in Pennsylvania and Maine — which he knows intimately and never stirs away from; and secondly on his preferred techniques, the slow, painstaking processes of tempera, which he compares to building ('really building in great layers the way the earth itself is built'), and drybrush watercolour, which he calls 'a weaving process. You weave the layers of drybrush over and within the broad washes of watercolour'.

To these basic limitations he adds the use of sombre colours (browns, blues and ambers) and sparse incident. On the other hand, he is prodigal with space, both across the canvas and in depth, and he plays fast and loose with the viewpoint, taking his shots from above or below, at this angle or that, close to or far off in an unmistakeably 20th-century manner.

This is one of the secrets of his art. Where the detail is concerned he is a realist, but in the overall effect he is a dramatist, sometimes even a melodramatist. Look at *Wolf Moon,* whose subject-matter consists simply of a square white house in the foreground and behind it a bare brown hill, blotched with white: the observer is placed to one side and above the house, so that his glance plunges steeply down into the narrow valley below and then takes the full bulk of the hill like a wall ready to topple forwards; but at the same time the horizon-line of the hill against a dark blue-grey sky rushes dizzily down from top left to middle right, as if the whole picture were slipping sideways, as if one could see the curve of the earth turning against black space. It is a painting of vertigo, yet the eye, returning to the solid foursquare house in the foreground, wonders what all the fuss was about.



The Wood Stove by Andrew Wyeth, 1962

In *Pine Baron* perspectival space is simultaneously offered by the diagonally receding row of treeboles and the farm road running beside them and denied by the low sweep of the branches and their dense curtain of pine needles; the old helmet brimming over with pine-cones at the foot of the nearest tree is all there is to look at, though the eye keeps taking off from it up the red carpet of fallen needles or across the picture along the shafts of sunlight towards the promised distance and coming back frustrated. In real life one would stride on up the road with a small question at the back of one's mind about the helmet. In the picture one begins to examine it minutely, as it is painted, in all its roundness and hardness, and to fill it with as many significances as pine-cones.

The austerity of Wyeth's settings and colours and the economy of his motifs naturally lead people to think of him as a Puritan, a true descendant of America's founding fathers.

Certainly he seems to take no interest in anything which is not old and tried and more or less basic to life at its simplest civilised level; there is a TV aerial on the roof of the house in *Wolf Moon,* but no sign anywhere of machinery or electric light. But his abstinence from things modern is not an abstinence from the things of this world. Quite the reverse. Given the limitations within which he works, Wyeth paints with extreme sensuality. In *Northern Point* the creamy blue and brown grass and the faded grey-blue rock and sea beyond are contrasted and blended with such exquisite smoothness that the painting seems almost edible; in *Her Room* the yellow shaft of sunlight across the open door, the pink transparent curtains and the blurred wetness of the window-panes can be felt as much as seen against the stout walls and oak chest within and the choppy blue-grey sea outside. In *The Virgin,* a strapping, naked girl is posed full-frontally inside a barn — a dark-brown setting of bare boards and heaped-up straw; her arms are folded loosely below her breasts, her head turned away in profile towards the closed door.

One can easily imagine the sense of prurience displaced into idealism which would come of such a painting if a Victorian had attempted it. For Wyeth it is an annunciation of an entirely relaxed and straightforward kind: the girl is ripe, the door is about to open, meanwhile she is well lit from above and her body is there to be looked at.

The weakness in Wyeth's usually robust and earthbound world is an occasional lapse into the fey — a touch of the Iris Murdochs — as in the naked Viking youth of *The Clearing* or the naked girl rising from the foam in *Surf* or the recumbent figure (Mr Kuerner just before his death) emerging from a patch of melting snow in *Spring.* In these paintings Wyeth is at his most Victorian, imposing an insipid and descriptive vision.

One realises, seeing them, how narrowly his successes are won, how close many of the other paintings come to the same disaster. To find anything fresh in a worked-out way of seeing things is a devilishly hard task, a constant battle with cliché, a constant temptation to be facile or virtuoso. Against the odds, Wyeth has made himself master of a few acres that belong to no other artist. It is an impressive and sympathetic achievement, but it leaves one the more grateful for the vast swathes of virgin territory cut by all the wild men of the century.

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Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Suburban Fox-Trot

Sisterly Feelings by ALAN AYCKBOURN *Olivier*
Anna Christie by EUGENE O'NEILL *Warehouse*
Tomfoolery by TOM LEHRER *Criterion*

'If only' is one of the most pointless but least resistable phrases in the language. If only we had dodged that car, seen that hole in the road, moved to Australia, got divorced, not got divorced, how much better our lives would have been. *Sisterly Feelings* attempts in a small way to put some such proposition to the test. At the end of scene one, the toss of a coin determines whether unhappily-married Abigail or her spinster sister Dorcas gets off with loose-limbed Simon. There are thus two versions of scene two, though both are family picnics, and another two of scene three, though these are reached by choice, not chance.

If Penelope Wilton, playing Abigail, takes it into her head to end the picnic under the protective umbrella of her well-heeled husband, Dorcas can have a turn with Simon. If Anna Carteret, who is Dorcas, can't bring herself to reject the layabout poet who has been shaggily pursuing her, the sexual field is free for Abigail. In practice, the National will often pre-announce both the fall of the florin and the decision of the actress; but in theory, and at some performances, any of four permutations may be played. I trust I make myself obscure.

The point anyway is that each and every version comes to an identical conclusion. Whether or not Abigail has spent scene three cavorting in and around a tent with Simon, she ends up opting for husband and motherhood. Whether or not the same scene brings together Dorcas and Simon for a cross-country race he has unwisely entered, the two sisters finish the play arm-in-arm, united in renunciation of a 'silly man'. 'If only' has been tried, and found to make no lasting difference to the slow-slow-quick-quick-slow of the suburban fox-trot.

But does this leave us feeling that destiny is shaping the ends of Ayckbourn's people, rough-hew it how they will, or, more banally, that he is allowing plot to dictate character rather than character plot? We should not perhaps examine the determinism of a popular playwright in too much philosophical detail; but we're surely entitled to demur when he breaks one of the most fundamental rules of comedy, as opposed to that brazenly mechanical form, farce. And this occurs, I think, several times in *Sisterly Feelings*. Would Abigail really allow her loathed husband to come and canoodle in the tent after Simon has been chased away by nosey coppers? Could Dorcas announce one moment that the affair with Simon makes her 'dizzy with happiness', and the next send him packing in favour of her lame-dog poet? As it happens, this last character is the play's principal weakness. It's a middle-class caricature of inarticulate, left-wing gormlessness; and, though Simon Callow brings the part to some semblance of stumbling, goofy life, it spreads implausibility wherever it touches and very nearly ruins what's anyway the evening's feeblest, least inventive scene, the day at the cross-country races.

The play as a whole, however, is a fiendishly imaginative demonstration of the intricacy of the Chinese box Ayckbourn carries on top of his shoulders and uses for a head, and, when it works, it works as entertainingly as anything since *Bedroom Farce*. But he pays a stiffish price for his ingenuity, and not only in credibility and consistency. The principal relationship lacks the depth and interest he was able to bring to that savage, incisive but theatrically more conventional mother-in-law joke he called *Just Between Ourselves*. The punch-line of that, if you recall, was the mental destruction of a young wife. This shows Dorcas plunging verbal knives into Abigail, Abigail belittling Dorcas behind her back, and the two of them needling, wrangling and then chumming up to each other; but we don't penetrate comparably far into the geology of 'sisterly feelings'. Indeed, in the funniest permutation of all only Abigail has an affair with Simon, Dorcas is left to fester enviously on the play's periphery, and those 'feelings' are relegated to relative unimportance.

Yet even then much remains that is distinctively and amusingly Ayckbourn's own. No other playwright has managed to extract so much wry and disenchanted humour from the glum rituals of middle-class life. In either version the picnic is as masterly as we knew it would be from the moment the paterfamilias, a potty ex-doctor given to talking to his feet, pre-advertised it as 'great fun'. Great fun in Ayckbourn's edgy, frazzled world means wasps, rain, trouble with sandwiches, hyped-up nerves, rows, and the beginnings of a fist-fight. It means Aunt Rita and her bad knee, and Uncle Len and his infinite lugubriosity: 'it's alright in broad daylight, but I wouldn't be up here in the middle of the night.' The latter, I should explain, is a police inspector much absorbed with the ubiquity of the criminal classes, and played by Michael Bryant with a face like the walls of a Victorian jail and a voice like its gates. In his bricked-up mouth the phrase 'it's a free country' positively echoes with sepulchral misgivings.

The acting is classy wherever one looks: Stephen Moore's narcissistic Simon, indolently flexing his knees and bounding from a bank to land between the sisters, a commuter-belt Tarzan indiscriminately in search of some Jane's admiration; Michael Gambon's Mr Abigail, permanently marooned between a yawn and a sneer; Andrew Cruickshank's retired doctor, snuffling and harrumphing with senile glee as he scampers up the scrubby knoll upon which the play is enterprisingly set. Meanwhile the Misses Wilton and Carteret do all that is asked of them, up to and including producing different expressions for sexual desire, in Abigail's case a big lascivious gape and in Dorcas's a pursed grin projected from above bunched-up shoulders and hugged-together arms. It isn't their fault if it's difficult in retrospect to say more about the characters than that one is a bit bossier, the other more put-upon, the one more open, the other slyer. The play, for all its excellences, simply won't bear too much examination.

Anna Christie is objectively ludicrous, a thundering tale of a repentant whore, her blindly doting father and her stricken wooer, complete with sailor-boy settings and a mawkish ending. Sometimes it seems to consist of nothing but the Irish lover bawling 'the curses of God upon you' in his stage brogue, the Scandinavian dad inarticulately wailing 'you dirty old devil' at the unimpressed sea, and Anna herself moaning how men want just one thing, and how she hates 'em all. Yet, as often with O'Neill, there's emotional truth actually inside the repetitious extravagances: relentlessness gradually becomes something identifiable as a sort of rugged art. Certainly, the result should interest anyone who admired the recent revivals of O'Neill's other parables of fond illusion and gruesome truth, *Hughie* and the *Iceman*; and Jonathan Lynn's production offers a strikingly good performance from Susan Tracy, an Anna whose droopy, trudging vowels and seen-it-all manner cover some very ugly wounds indeed.

Tom Lehrer's funny-sick parodies seemed mild enough beside the work of his contemporary Lennie Bruce, and, those about war and Von Braun honourably excepted, now sound positively cosy. Still, as a one-time acolyte myself, I nostalgically enjoyed the elaborately-rhymed jokes about masochism, mutilation, murder, dope peddling and so on; and the four-person choir, led by Robin Ray, bangs them out with brio.

Opera

Peter Conrad

Steamy Pleasure-dome

Die Entfuhrüng aus dem Serail *Glyndebourne*
Simon Boccanegra *Covent Garden*

Mozart's Italian operas are about sex and its various freedoms — the anarchic libertinism of *Don Giovanni,* democratically refusing to discriminate between objects of desire; the erotic mischief which unsettles social hierarchy in *Le Nozze di Figaro;* the experimental self-exploration of *Cosi fan tutte. Die Entführung,* however, considers sex as compulsion and appetite as despotism. The oriental setting isn't, as fatuous producers believe, a tinselly toytown: it locates the opera in a world of sensual enslavement and luxurious sloth, a decadence in which pleasure has become indistinguishable from pain. Osmin sadistically exults in torture; Constanze, rejoicing in the torments with which she's threatened for her obstinacy, turns agony into masochistic delight.

Recent productions have stressed the cultural antagonisms in the work. John Dexter at the Met last autumn used costumes to dramatise the gap, dressing the Turks in exotic red and blue, the Spanish grandees in disapproving black. August Everding in Munich made Constanze angrily shed the oriental robes with which her captors have issued her, and kitted out Blonde in an aggressively xenophobic tweed suit. But Peter Wood at Glyndebourne rightly stresses sex not politics — the sluggish lechery of Osmin, the cushioned gazebos in the Pasha's garden for erotic or alcoholic dalliance, Selim's pet birds in their gilded cage and his pet whores promenading behind a filigree grille. His designer, William

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Dudley, has built a steamy, verdurous pleasure-dome based on the paintings of J. F. Lewis, who abandoned England for the voluptuous idleness of Cairo and was discovered there by Thackeray in 1844 living 'like a languid Lotus-eater — a dreamy, hazy, lazy, tobaccofied life'. Some political moralism intrudes into this idyll of sensual surfeit. Blonde defies Osmin to lecture a limping troop of European prisoners; Constanze unmanacles and eventually rescues a black page. Occasionally the lassitude of this humid atmosphere suffocates the drama. The recriminatory quartet of reunion, in which the characters need to be mobile as they pace out and work off their snarled, suspicious feelings, is sung as they nestle or kneel far too comfortably on banks of cushions in a garden pavilion. But Peter Wood has taken up the opera seriously, where most other producers — even Strehler in his silhouetted Salzburg version — have been content to treat it as a charade.

Though made to compete with an aviary of love-birds, Valerie Masterson's Constanze is no puling, pecking coloratura. Her singing is bold and brilliant as well as touching. She's rightly imperious, as is her Blonde (Lillian Watson), who demurely tyrannises Willard White's Osmin and ties him up in her tricolour knitting. The mettlesome Belmonte of Gosta Winbergh and the spry, athletic Pedrillo of James Hoback contrast well with the ponderous Osmin, slithering in malevolent slow motion and always on the point of surrendering to the stifling sloth of the palace by falling asleep — as, drugged by Pedrillo and hauled heavily away, he finally does.

In place of the erotic absolutism which rules the Pasha's kingdom, Verdi's Genoa in *Simon Boccanegra* is a family, in which paternal love and devotion to 'patria' support each other. The antagonisms excited by sexual love and dynastic rivalry defer to filial piety. Adorno and Fiesco are reconciled to Boccanegra when they discover the truth of Maria's paternity. Political differences are in any case a reflex of family grievances: Adorno has lost a father to Boccanegra, Fiesco a daughter; when Boccanegra wants to ingratiate himself with Maria, he first pardons her exiled brothers. The ensemble of pacification in the council scene is Simon's attempt to quell civil strife between plebeians and patricians by establishing himself as their common parent; it also, in the rescue of Maria, celebrates an emotional accord within his own family. Having unified the tribe, the scene goes on to enact the contrary ritual of social exclusion, mobilising the community to curse the treacherous Paolo. Perhaps this is why Colin Davis has espoused the work: it's the obverse of *Idomeneo* and *Les Troyens*, an opera about the fortification of the family of men not its sundering.

The 25 year hiatus in the action serves this familial idea, showing (as in Shakespeare's late plays) how the tragic divisions of one generation are healed in the next by time. Straddling the gap, the Boccanegra of Sherrill Milnes ages well from the sprightly buccaneer of the prologue (the coarse grain of his voice suits the character's origins as a social outlaw plundering fleets on the republic's behalf) to the care-worn Doge, saddened by the community's refusal to accept him as its collective father. Opposed to Milnes's plangent and flexible baritone is the implacable bass of Robert Lloyd as Fiesco, made up to look like a crafty greybeard in a Titian portrait. Veriano Luchetti's uncomplicated, impulsive engagement and the vibrancy of his tenor persuade us to believe in the oscillations of Adorno. Kiri Te Kanawa is the angel who presides over and sanctifies the opera's rites of social and familial concord: taking the top line in the 'pace' ensemble or in the scene of Boccanegra's death, her voice hovers over the other characters like a blessing.

Filippo Sanjust's designs at least make a virtue of frugality — a rubble of honey-coloured pilasters, a cold and cavernous senate chamber, driftwood trees and expanses of maritime light. All he does with the characters, however, is pose them or paralyse them in tableaux. Colin Davis's conducting seemed nervy and jagged, sometimes too loud (as in the brassy outburst which announces Boccanegra's reunion with Maria), sometimes rhythmically erratic (the matutinal prelude to the second scene was a drowsy, sagging nocturne). But there's no doubting his devotion to the work.

Films

John Coleman

Crash Course

Angi Vera (A) *Gate One*
Skip Tracer (AA) *Paris Pullman*
Long Weekend (AA) *Odeons, Kensington and Swiss Cottage; Classic, Chelsea; Scene*
Hurricane (AA) *Classic, Haymarket*

Vera (exquisitely transmitted by the tiny actress, Veronika Papp) is an 18-year-old orphan, a nurse in the watershed Hungary of 1948 when the Social Democrats were forced to disavow and boot out their old leaders and to merge with the Communists in a Workers' party. The camera sits on her unreadable face as she listens to a compulsory harangue from the branch secretary. 'Why does he keep on saying, "We revolutionaries"?', mutters another nurse to a knitting companion. Question-time, at last, and a familiar silence. Suddenly, little Vera is on her feet — complaining with growing conviction about bad sanitation, doctors who expect tips, heedless management — and, all unknowing, on her way. Standing up to the blustering hospital director at a subsequent interview, she is taken up by the Party as a suitable case for treatment. The rest of an astonishingly true and painful film, directed and written by Pal Gabor from a novel by Endre Veszi, shows her transformation at a special elitist school, a crash course in political education. Two contrasting women befriend and influence her, bawdy, rumbustious Maria (splendid Eva Szabo, Gabor's wife) and the older Anna (subtle Erzsi Pasztor in the hardest role of all), a newspaper editor who rapidly removes herself from the giggling but life-giving sex-banter of the female dormitory.

The great strength of Gabor's work is that most characters are allowed their reasons, their tugs — however momentary — upon our sympathy. Anna recalls the passionate, dedicated lover from her past: he was executed for his beliefs; they saw *Boys' Town* together. When Vera falls in love with a young lecturer, it is Maria who arranges an adroit change-partners so that they may dance with each other at an initially starchy school social. (This whole occasion is orchestrated with the unaffected humour and tenderness of an Olmi.) But when Vera finally goes to the lecturer's bed, it is Maria who firmly orders her to stay put upon a succeeding night, earthily commonsensical. And hard-line Anna, of course, proves the true corrupter of Vera's first innocence, persuading her to co-sign a report on a social democrat met by chance: 'In our opinion, he is a total enemy'. Between the meeting and the ratting, there is a gruesomely good, uneasily conspiratorial scene in a café, with Anna greedily wolfing down cream cakes. In the end, all's up with the girl. At a brutal session of collective auto-criticism, presided over by a smug New Man, she admits her night of illicit love (a horrified Anna tries to shush her), claiming: 'I only loved his authority'. On prize-giving day, this paragon passes with honours, while having the grace to faint. A last, crystal-clear shot has her driving away with Anna, who promises her a future as a journalist, beating goodbye on the car window as they speed past a bundled-up, head-down, biking Maria.

The Canadian Zale Dalen's first feature, *Skip Tracer*, produced by his wife Laara and made three years ago for just over £60,000, is the study of a cold-fish debt collector for a shady Vancouver finance company, aiming for his fourth successive 'Man of the Year' award. This neat, thin-haired, teetotal John Collins (good performance by David Peterson) lives his job, hounding his victims with threatening phone calls, whipping away a TV set while kids sit watching, emptying an entire house down to the loo paper with its owners absent. There is a grim fascination in this and, for a while, a new employee stands in for us, as it were, going his rounds with him, enduring Collins's gallows humour, later visiting him in hospital when an unknown attacker knifes him.

But that the near-monastic Collins is not a complete bastard comes across when he vainly, and in whispers, tries to persuade a pensioner borrowing money for a sick wife to get it rather from a bank. This prepares the ground for a terminal turnabout. His main target throughout has been a car salesman, Pettigrew, whose desperate wife has even offered herself as a part-payment. No dice. Then Collins starts cracking up under pressure of work and a colleague makes a calamitous call for him. Having killed his wife and child, Pettigrew hangs himself: a kid's toy squeaks under J.C.'s invading, sacrilegious feet. And, back at the office, he decides to forego a party in his honour, settling instead for the erasure of all computer records of his debts outstanding, dumping files in a trash bin outside, trampling his pocket calculator and wandering off — presumably to join the human race. This, and the poor quality colour print I saw, disincline one to fervent applause. But much of the observation is fresh, ironic and startling.

That Australian 'new wave' offers *Long Weekend*, a sort of ecological horror movie, produced and directed by Colin Eggleston and written by Everett De Roche. It has to be said that this one looks stunning, thanks to Vincent Morton's photography of New South Wales locations. There is an eerie, menagerie score from Michael Carlos and very strong natural sound. And, considering everything, John

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Hargreaves and Briony Behets emit their substantially expletive dialogue with rare conviction, as an unhappy young married couple, Peter and Marcia. But they do rather ask for what befalls them, which is ultimately death. To begin with, Marcia hated the whole notion of a camping weekend in remote woodlands by the sea. Then she refuses her eager husband sex (possibly as a result of an abortion three months back), but slyly contents herself while he crazily surfboards. We mustn't omit the birds and beasts and fishes, though. Peter seems determined to kill or maim everything natural, axing an inoffensive tree, shooting a dugong, running over a kangaroo, even starting a fire with a cigarette butt. For their part, the fauna — from red ants, snakes and possums to an eagle — is only too keen to sink fangs, claws and talons into Peter. The result is a well-crafted piece of surpassing silliness. *Hurricane* is a lot of wind and water.

In Bad Taste

JUDITH COOK previews a joint theatrical venture in political satire

In 1736 Henry Fielding's play, *The Historical Register*, caused a sensation by savagely attacking the Cabinet of the day and most especially the Prime Minister, Robert Walpole. Walpole had tried unsuccessfully to introduce political censorship two years earlier and this time he had learned his lesson. Within days of his being portrayed on the stage, a Bill was before Parliament — using another play as an excuse — which would make it obligatory in future for all plays to be passed for public performance by the Lord Chamberlain.

For the first time since that date we are about to see an equally bitter and savage lampoon about our current Cabinet in which the characters will appear under their real names. It also marks a hitherto unique theatrical venture, the first of what it is hoped will be a series of co-operative productions between the Royal Court and the Theatre Royal, Stratford East. The next will be *The Arbor*, a teenager's look at growing up in Bradford.

The play, *A Short, Sharp Shock,* is directed by Rob Walker of the Half Moon Theatre in Alie Street; it is written by Howard Brenton and Tony Howard, a writer who has worked mainly with the Covent Garden Community Theatre. The directors of the two theatres reached their respective positions from varying backgrounds. Max Stafford Clark of the Court has been closely associated hitherto with the Fringe, first in Edinburgh and then with Joint Stock. Philip Hedley, now at Stratford East, comes from regional repertory and an earlier stint at Stratford with Joan Littlewood. He has worked with many established contemporary writers like Henry Livings and David Cregan and is a particularly fine director of John Arden.

Both directors list gloomily the cutbacks all small theatres are having to make. 'By Christmas it will be hard to find anything but popular West End ephemera', says Stafford Clark. 'As theatres come to the end of their budgets, real theatre will almost vanish.' His grant has actually been cut back in real terms while Hedley is in the middle of a £70,000 appeal for work on the fabric of his theatre just to keep it open. Both laugh cynically at St John Stevas and sponsorship.

A framework of co-operation is being painstakingly worked out for this and future ventures on matters of casting, directing and finance. In terms of design both stages are virtually the same size which is useful, although Stratford has a bigger auditorium. The most difficult part will be the audiences. The Court has a nucleus of regulars, the remaining seats being filled by those who go if a play is either well reviewed or considered trendy. Stratford East, after Joan Littlewood, has had an uneasy history; some remained loyal because of the theatre's past reputation but the local audience showed little interest in the well-meaning plays with a message put on by the last director. Since Hedley took over in the autumn, he has built up a Newham audience; although the last production, *Streets of London,* was a critical and box office success and drew audiences from up West, the largest proportion of seats sold was to locals.

When Brenton offered *A Short, Sharp Shock,* Stafford Clark saw it as the play which could bring the two theatres together for the first time. 'It's savage, in bad taste in a way, and it goes straight back to the days of Fielding's bitter political satire on Walpole.' Brenton says it was born out of a growing sense of utter frustration at the political situation. Not surprisingly, none of the characters come well out of a *Short, Sharp Shock,* particularly Sir Keith Joseph who speaks virtually his own recorded speeches throughout.

Already the political hatchets are out. Eldon Griffiths MP, having heard rumours of the play, was quoted in the *Daily Mail:* 'I find it hard to believe that public money should be used to trample on the graves of the dead' — meaning Lord Mountbatten and Airey Neave. He also called for a review of the Arts Council grants to the two theatres.

Both directors stress that the play is just a first step in their policy of co-operation. Rehearsals are taking place alternately in each theatre. Fortunately the stages are almost the same size — a designer can work equally well on both. Neither director is under any illusions as to the possible dangers of this first attempt. 'I lay awake the other night', says Philip Hedley, 'and thought of that £70,000 I needed just to keep my roof on and wondered what effect this play might have on my appeal. Then I thought, why worry? What am I keeping my roof on *for* if not for this kind of thing?'

Fielding's play ran for just 35 nights before Government pressure brought it off. The run of a *Short, Sharp Shock,* between the two theatres, will be for exactly 35 nights.

Julian Barnes is on holiday

Weekend Competition

No 2621 **Set by Dan Kavanagh**

A recent report on Marriage in Britain 1945-80 concluded that along with the three Rs we are taught at school there should be a fourth R — Relationships. Write either a school essay of the sort the subject might provoke, or a dramatic scene in which a schoolmaster struggles to convey the basics of the subject to his recalcitrant pupils. 150 words max. By 27 June.

No 2618 **Set by Dan Kavanagh**

Carnation Milk is the best in the land;
Here I sit with a can in my hand —
No tits to pull, no hay to pitch,
You just punch a hole in the son of a bitch.

We asked for similar quatrains in praise of more recent developments in fast food or fast drink.

Report **By Fat Jeff**

Readers with long memories may recall that a fortnight ago I announced the squelching of Dan Kavanagh. Noticing the by-line on No 2621 you may well ask yourselves whether the Complex — whose rulings normally make the Medes and Persians look like Nancy-boys — is losing its grip. Dear readers, the truth is that Mr Squiffy and I have joined battle with a tigress and, as is common in such encounters, we have been worsted. In short, *she's* back — and she's none-too-impressed by our puny attempt at rebellion. I am a broken man. All I can do is thank you most politely for your entries and award four greenies for each quatrain. *Adieu,* kind friends.

I love my Kellogg's All Bran
It fills me with elation
It's quick and easy, and ensures
Diurnal defecation.

'Let them eat cake,' Marie Antoinette said,
Of those who complained of the shortage of bread.
Today she'd have doubtless completed the joke:
'And if they've no water, then let them drink Coke.'

Kentucky Fried Chicken's delicious,
And thanks to its global acclaim,
In Manchester, Maine or Mauritius,
The taste is exactly the same.
STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Is it Stroganoff? Or Coq au Vin?
Or sauce for the goose? Just grab a can —
No spices to spill, no onions to chop,
You heat the meat through, and slap on the slop.

It's better to get at chips (and fish)
From a dandy polystyrene dish:
When the last chip's lipped, there's no drunken dekko
At grease-spattered W.I. news in the *Echo.*
BILL GREENWELL

Big Mac, Big Mac, you're hot, you're fast,
The cultured football fan's repast.
You pass their very sternest test —
You're in and out, like Georgie Best.
HAL SHAPER

Travellers' Fare — the moveable feast —
Moves to your bowels like lightning, greased.
Your problem then's evacuation:
The train's still standing in the station.
J. H. BENTLEY

This machine won't just *sell* — it'll *'vend'* you a drink!
But my dear it's a *scream* when it goes on the blink:
You've selected your coffee, or Pepsi, or broth,
When it loses its rhythm and
shudders
clunks
pulls itself together
emits a trickle of piping-hot Coke
and seventeen plastic mugs upside-down
and begins idly farting pale-beige froth.
JIMMIE PEARSE

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Factory farming makes your chickens
Drop their product like the dickens
No shit to sponge, no dawn-break cocks,
Just six-pack eggs in a plastic box.

DAVID HARSENT

Heinz means beanz that comz in canz,
Packed by machinz, untouched by hanz;
Givz vitaminz, aidz digestive faultz,
Goez through the gutz like a doze of saltz.

Use Instant Char, freeze-dried, in a jar;
Don't mess with teapot or samovar;
It's cleaner and quicker and cheaper and *new* —
You'll be used to the taste in a month or two.

PETER ALEXANDER

Oh let me boldly brightly carol
The fizzy virtues of good Red Barrel,
The manly drink that gives good cheer,
And doesn't taste a bit like beer.

WAYNE SIDESADDLE

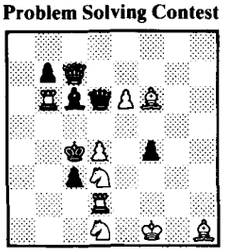
First catch your hare? How out of date!
Now you just dump it on your plate.
No smelly guts, no tiresome fur:
Instant Jugged Hare you simply stir.

PETER PETERSON

Tony Miles

Chess

No 184 **Chess Problem Solving Contest**

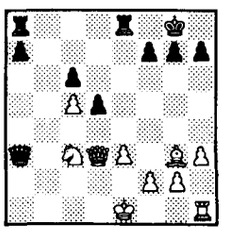


White to play and mate in two. This problem is the first stage of the second Lloyd's Bank British Chess Problem Solving Championship. Anyone wishing to take part should first solve this problem and send the solution (key move only) to Public Relations Dept., Lloyd's Bank Ltd, 71 Lombard Street, London EC3P 3BS marking the envelope 'Chess Problem Solving Contest'. Entries must arrive not later than 30 June. Successful entrants will then qualify for a second, more difficult postal problem and the top scorers will then be invited to participate in the final in January 1981. There is a special £10 prize for the best overseas entry in the second stage. (It seems that the sponsorship doesn't quite run to a return ticket from Bombay!)

The eventual winner will receive the princely sum of £50, a trophy and the prestigious title of British Chess Problem Solving Champion. Runners-up win £20 and £10.

Last year's winner was Graham Lee of London who completed all eight of the final problems correctly in 64 minutes.

Problem 184



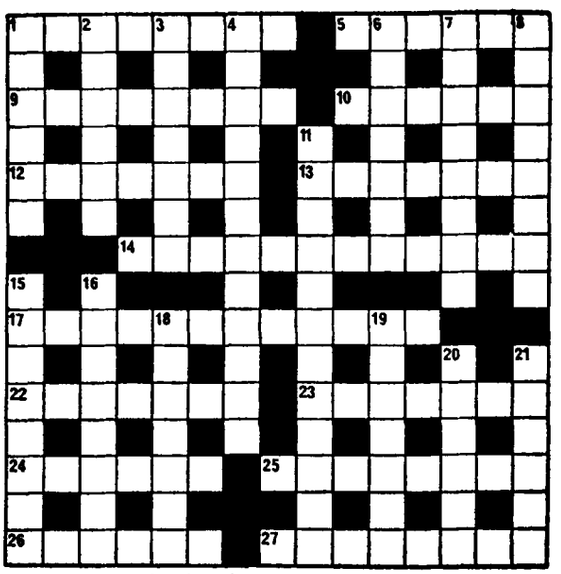
For those who like their problems a bit more 'realistic'. Black to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked no later than 25 June.

Solution to problem 182

1.RxN! PxR; 2.QxPch!! KxQ (:::PxQ; 3.N-B6ch); 3.R-R1ch, K-N3; 4.K-B4!! (threatening B-R5ch and BxP matge) Q-K3; 5.R-R8! Resigns. There is no defence to B-R5mate.

Weekend Crossword 1346

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1346, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 24 June.



ACROSS

1 Praises or punishes if the alternatives are removed (8)
5 School used to break up on farm (6)
9 A conservative of seven received in audience? (8)
10 Posh writing was in the ascendant (6)
12 Singer holds the start of the music to be vibrato? (7)
13 Possibly fly round a page to make examination (7)
14 Window arrangement obtained from allotment behind iron home (12)
17 Arriving first, so later involved in the dance (12)
22 Concerning the production of fine offspring (7)
23 It is mean to declare before time (7)
24 Dignitary without expression of gratitude for senility (6)
25 The account to be paid swelled (8)
26 Hang about with a large number on the corner (6)
27 Possibly annoyed with the shilling given for drugs (8)

DOWN

1 Manifestation of one in anger (6)
2 It's bloodier whichever way you look at it (6)
3 Covering an island up is unpleasant (7)
4 An artist is about to make a cut in the money for persistence (12)
6 Courtesan who makes the venomous one continent (7)
7 Hair does get untidy in the country (8)
8 Removing by force, the West being inactive (8)
11 Still in operation (12)
15 The right side finished up displeased (8)
16 Scare, although not left in the bog (8)
18 Back in the village nestling in the hills somewhere in Africa (7)
19 Irritated when poverty took precedence (7)
20 Wander freely in town (6)
21 Composer's family in ever distinguished company (6).

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1344

M	A	G	I	C		S	H	E	E	R	N	E	S	S
E		A		O		T		V		U		N		P
S	E	M	A	P	H	O	R	E		M	E	T	A	L
M		U		P		N		R		A		R		I
E	S	T	E	E	M	E	D		I	N	F	A	N	T
R				R		W		C		I		N		
I	M	P	S		M	A	D	A	G	A	S	C	A	R
S		O		S		L		R		N		E		E
M	A	R	S	H	A	L	L	E	D		U	S	E	D
		T		I		S		T		C				B
M	O	R	O	N	S		B	A	L	U	S	T	E	R
I		A		G		A		K		R		U		E
L	O	Y	A	L		C	L	E	P	S	Y	D	R	A
E		A		E		H		R		E		O		S
S	P	L	A	S	H	E	R	S		S	P	R	A	T

Prizewinners to No 1344

Liselotte Leschke (Bristol)
W. F. Main (Birmingham)
Mrs Dora Logan (London)

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ARE YOU an intellectual fun-loving person? 18-80 years old? The Progressive League caters for mind, body and spirit — politics, music, creative writing, poetry, dancing, philosophy. Ring 452 8358.

BACHELOR TEACHER, non-smoker, mature but trim and youthful, seeks company for holiday exploration in the sun, while hoping in longer term to share a home and family. Interests include books, theatre, sailing, walking, music and travel. Box 8687.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm and lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

EDUCATED, mature lady, resident Hove, would like to meet unattached gentleman, 50 plus. Genuine. Box 7627.

BOOKS, theses, scripts, office typing. Tapes/duplicating. Ann Walker 01-584 0198.

WRITER SEEKS LITERARY AGENT for non-fiction work just completed. Box 8722.

IS THERE SOMETHING MISSING in your life? Could it be an unattached lady, forties, living West Midlands and interested in the arts, open air, crosswords and men who can cook? Box 8680.

NEXUS MEMBERS don't need to place or answer ads from personal columns (they even have quite a social life going?). For info. phone 01-359 7656/6703, 041-221 1090, 061-834 8964, 0272 44365.

PIANO TUNING, Defective notes, pedals repaired. Denys Parsons MSc. 01-340 4695.

THE JANE AUSTEN BUREAU — Introductions in all age groups immediately available. Free details from Brosnan House, Darkes Lane, Potters Bar, or call 44661.

INSOMNIA. I want to assemble a group of fellow sufferers whose primary task would be to work out some form of mutual support & help. Box 8719.

LADY, active, capable, intelligent, creative, early fifties, travelled with many interests here and abroad, wishes to share life, love, work with gentleman of similar age, with sense of humour, fairly adventurous, warm-hearted, living South West or East. Box 8653.

VOLUNTEERS required to assist with befriending prisoners and after-care work. Many isolated prisoners need a bit of your time and friendship. Write Befriending Scheme Organiser, New Bridge, St Botolph's Church, Aldersgate Street, London EC1. (Tel. 01-606 3693).

WARM, sensitive, attractive, educated woman, 35, seeks kind, intelligent, professional man. Box 8714.

WHAT IS PRIMAL BLISS? Bodymind Methods, Primal, Bioenergetic, Gestalt, Meditation, Reciport (reciprocal, non-professional support) can be integrated. Reciport, 8 Princess Avenue, N10 3LR. Tel. 01-586 4109 (8-9.30 a.m. 6.30-7 p.m.) and weekends.

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A FLASK OF WINE, A BOOK OF VERSE, and no-one to share 'em? Well, don't just sit there. Contact 'Status', the premier and reputable intro service for unattached professional people, 'Status', 88 Marylebone High Street, W1. 286 2128 (24 hrs.)

DEUS EX MACHINA: (45-55 top-echelon, eligible, elegant, sexy, non-smoker) if you exist, please, please answer a vivacious, versatile lady's romantic prayer! Box 8669.

DOCTOR (Medicine), travelling by car, France & Switzerland end July, will be pleased to hear from lady to join journey, & share driving. Box 8697.

EXPIRING for lack of intelligent conversation, divorcee, 43, London, sensible not sex starved. Box 8642.

RAPPORT: enhance your quality of life immeasurably with Rapport, the intelligent person's introduction agency. Send stamp and note of age for details special summer offer to Rapport, Suite A, 3 New High Street, Headington, Oxford. Overseas enquiries welcome.

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Appointments

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Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment to the following position:

HUMANITIES RESEARCH CENTRE

Deputy Director

This is a professorial post for which the University is seeking a distinguished scholar with wide-ranging intellectual sympathies and special expertise in any area of the humanities relevant to the work of the Centre. The person appointed will be required to pursue research in his or her field of interest and to assist the Director, Professor Ian Donaldson, in the administration and long-term planning of the Centre, and in the promotion of its work nationally and internationally. This post was advertised in 1979 in different terms, as a Chair of Modern European Studies and Deputy Directorship in the Centre. No appointment was made to the post as then advertised. While the position carries no teaching or teaching-related duties, the Deputy Director will be welcome to do some teaching in the University, if he or she wishes. The term of office as Deputy Director will be a matter for agreement with the University but is expected to be for seven years initially with the possibility of reappointment. Appointment as professor is until retiring age, i.e. the end of the year in which the professor reaches the age of 65 years, with the option of retiring at any time after age 60.

CLOSING DATE: **31 JULY 1980.**

Conditions of Appointment

SALARY — $A35,654 per annum. (Present exchange rates: $A1 : UK 49p : $US1.12).

OTHER CONDITIONS: Reasonable appointment expenses are paid. Superannuation benefits are available for applicants who are eligible to contribute. Assistance with finding accommodation is provided for an appointee from outside Canberra. The University reserves the right not to make an appointment or to make an appointment by invitation at any time.

Prospective applicants should obtain further particulars from **The Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF.**

Peter Bedford Trust

Seven mentally-handicapped adults are moving into two flats as part of a larger mixed community in Islington. For an initial period they will need the part-time support and supervision of a **HOUSEKEEPER**. Might you or someone you know be suitable? Accommodation available and payment by arrangement.

Details from: **PBT, 76a Liverpool Road, London N1. 01-226 0302**

FRIENDS OF THE EARTH

Require a new **ADMINISTRATOR**

to take overall responsibility for the business, administrative and financial management of the organisation. Candidates should have previous relevant experience.

For application forms and further details write to: **Czech Conroy, F.O.E., 9 Poland Street, LONDON W1.**

Closing date for COMPLETED application forms **11 July 1980.**

Banking Insurance and Finance Union

require a

NEGOTIATING OFFICIAL

The successful applicant will be required to assist a senior official in respect of organisation and negotiations involving members of the union employed in international and foreign banks.

Previous experience in this type of employment would be an advantage. This permanent and pensionable position is based in Esher, Surrey. Commencing salary £5,760 p.a. + Outer London allowance of £360 p.a. Motor car provided.

Application forms are available from:

BIFU, Sheffield House, Portsmouth Road, Esher, Surrey KT10 9BH
Telephone: Esher 66624.

Completed forms must reach BIFU not later than 27 June 1980

Zimbabwe

Assessor required to investigate the possibility of placing skilled personnel in small-scale development projects in a variety of fields in the country. He/she should have experience in the development field, preferably in Africa and should be able to liase with a broad cross-section of people from government officials to members of community organisations.

The initial contract will be for 6 months but in the event of a programme being established, this will be extended for a further two years.

Nicaragua/ Honduras

Co-ordinator needed to administer the existing small-scale development programme in Honduras and evaluate any further projects; also required to evaluate the possibilities of and if necessary set up a similar programme in Nicaragua working in close consultation with the government. Previous Central American experience an asset. Couples wishing to work on a job sharing basis welcome to apply.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Posts are for a two year period (except where indicated). Pre-departure and other allowances including air fare. A salary is given which is low and related to local rates. Language training.

Contact **CIIR Overseas Section, 1 Cambridge Terrace, London NW1. 01-437 4397** sending full details of your previous experience.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

The London School of Economics

TEMPORARY LECTURESHIP IN SOCIOLOGY

Applications are invited for appointment for one year from 1 October 1980 to a lectureship in Sociology. Special consideration will be given to candidates with an interest in research methodology.

Appointment will be on the salary scale for lecturers of £5,052 to £10,484 a year plus £740 a year London Allowance. In assessing salary consideration will be given to qualifications, age and experience.

Application forms available, on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope, from **The Administrative Officer, Room H.610, The London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, London WC2A 2AE,** to whom completed applications should be returned by **4 July 1980.**

University College of Swansea

Temporary Lecturer

Applications are invited for the vacancy of **Temporary Lecturer** in the **Department of Political Theory and Government.** The duties of the post will be primarily to help with the teaching of American Government and with tutorial work in British politics. Candidates with a major interest in other institutional fields are not precluded from consideration.

The appointment will be for the Session 1980/81 and will be at a salary of £5,052 for the year, together with USS/USDPS benefits.

Further particulars and application forms (2 copies) may be obtained from the Personnel Office, University College of Swansea, Singleton Park, Swansea, SA2 8PP, to which office they should be returned by Tuesday 1 July 1980.

OXFORD KILBURN CLUB

Appointment of WARDEN

A mature, energetic, adventurous Christian is required by the Oxford Kilburn Club this autumn to take over the post of Warden. Responsibilities include recruiting and training a team of volunteer helpers, co-ordinating with the Club Leader the programme of activities and extending range of work of this open youth centre in NW London. Ideally the person appointed will be professionally qualified as youth & community worker or teacher. Appointment on secondment from London Borough of Brent. Details from **David Kinsella, Oxford Kilburn Club, CHH, 45 Denmark Rd, NW6. Tel. 624 6292.**

Neighbourhood Worker

to share with present two workers in the running of a well-established Neighbourhood Centre and to work with local groups in the Central London area around Goodge St, W1 — a mixed community of abour 8,500 people.

Candidates should offer some experience of community work, working with immigrants, housing or welfare rights. Starting salary £5,439.

Job description from **The Fitzrovia Neighbourhood Centre, 39 Tottenham St, W1. Tel: 580 4576.** Closing date for applications: **4 July.**

Field Officer

required by volunteer sending agency to develop and administer programme in Mali, West Africa. Overseas experience and French essential. Also a **Woman Co-operative Administrator** to help Bambara speaking weavers, a **Garage Mechanic** and **Printing Technician** to give on-the-job training.

UNA International Service, 3 Whitehall Ct, SW1 (930 0679).

Information Officer

Mozambique, Angola and Guine Information Centre requires Information Officer with experience in press liaison, publications design and editorial. Knowledge of countries concerned and of Portuguese language an advantage. Send C.V. to **Mozambique, Angola and Guine Information Centre, 34 Percy Street, London W1.**

WE ALWAYS HAVE interesting vacancies for graduates and 'A' level students, with accurate typing and office skills to work in non-commercial and educational organisations. Phone Mrs Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.) 92 Brompton Rd (opp. Harrods), SW3 1EH. 01-589 0590.

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Institute for the Study of Sparsely Populated Areas
Politics
Psychology
Sociology

A studentship in the Department of Political Economy linked to a research project entitled 'U.K. Energy Policy';

Quota awards in respect of the following taught postgraduate courses:

Education (Degree of M.Ed.)
Geography (M.Sc. in Rural and Regional Resources Planning)
Politics (M.Litt. in Strategic Studies)

Candidates wishing to be considered as nominees for any of these awards should communicate as soon as possible with the Head of the Department concerned, King's College, Aberdeen. For the degree of M.Ed. candidates must possess or expect to obtain the Diploma in Education of a Scottish university or an advanced or academic Diploma in Education of an equivalent standard.

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LOGOPHILE. The magazine for those who love the English language. Four 60pp issues every year. Vol. III (1979-80) £5.00, to: Logophile Press, 47 Caledonian Road, London N1. First two issues by return.

OUTPOSTS. Poems invited for future issues. S.a.e. to Howard Sargeant, 72 Burwood Rd., Walton-on-Thames, Surrey KT12 4AL.

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HAMPSTEAD, NW3: ground flr flat, 2 bed., recep., bath, sep. w.c. Fit. kit. C.h. Full furn. Tube 2 mins. 6-9 month let. Suit prof. academic couple. £295 month. Box 8662.

ISLEWORTH: Large, well furn. room, suit quiet person. C.h. Share bathroom, kitchen. £13.50 per week. Box 8701.

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ROOM IN W1 TURRET for civilised, friendly, independent, non-smoker 30+ away at times, (ideal London base). Share kitchen etc. Prof. circa £25 p.w. Refs. Box 8677.

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NS EMPLOYEE'S SISTER + 2 f. friends seek accomm. London. Tel. Jo Peberdy 01-405 4913 (office hours).

Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE. Royal Shakespeare Company. 836 6404. Recorded booking info 836 5332. cc 379 6233 (10-6, Sats 10-4). All week low price prevs Dickens' 'The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby.' RSC also at The Warehouse in premiere 'Educating Rita' by Willy Russell and O'Neill's 'Anna Christie.' RSC also at Piccadilly Theatre in Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman's 'Once In A Lifetime, and Pam Gems' 'Piaf.'

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. 'Buried Child' by Sam Shepard. Dir. Nancy Meckler, Des. Gemma Jackson, with Julie Covington, Marty Cruickshank, Philip Davis, Neil Johnston, Stephen Rea, John Rogan, Tony Rohr. Prevs from 19 June at 8 p.m. Press Night 26 June at 7 p.m.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. 'Amadeus', 'The Wild Duck', 'Othello', 'The Browning Version'/'Harlequinade', 'Early Days'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

Exhibition

DACRE PUNT. Back Front & Side Views. Now to 21 June 1980. 11-6 Mon.-Fri. 11-2 Sat. The Pentonville Gallery, 46 Amwell Street, London EC1. 01-837 9826.

Entertainment

BEAT THE TORY BLUES — Don't forget — Morning Star 50th Anniversary Festival. Sunday 15 June, 11 a.m.-11 p.m. Alexandra Palace, London N22. Tickets available on day.

Meetings

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES FOR OLDER PEOPLE

An informal seminar to discuss this subject and set up a new association to press for change and development will be held.

Saturday 12 July, University of Surrey
Speakers include: Peter Laslett, Mary Stott, Dr. Mark Abrams.

If required accommodation is available, cost £3.50 or £13.25 with accommodation.

Apply: **David Simmonds, Dept of Adult Education, University of Surrey, Guildford, Surrey GU2 5XH. Tel: 0483 71281.**

Labour Co-ordinating Committee (Scotland) Conference
Tories Attack Women — *The Labour Movement Response?*
Speakers include **Jo Richardson, MP**
SATURDAY 21 JUNE, 11.00-5.00
Trades Council, 12/ 14 Picardy Place, Edinburgh.
Open to the public: further details from: **Margaret Curran (041-357 1001)**

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk, Sun. 15 June 8 p.m. 'Universal Brotherhood'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

CAMDEN COUNCIL for International Co-operation 'In Defence of Free Trade Unions', Victor Haines (Workers Against The Gulag), Walter Kendal (Labour Movement in Europe) 7 p.m. Wed. 18 June, Friends House, Euston Road, NW1.

EL SALVADOR Solidarity meeting. Speakers include: Rafael Menjivar of The Democratic Revolutionary Front (FDR). Thurs. 19 June, 7pm. Friends Meeting House, Euston Road, NW1 (Euston Square tube). 50p entrance.

'FAMILIES NEED FATHERS' — Access and custody rights after divorce. Fathers' Day Rally, Trafalgar Square, 3 p.m. Sunday 15 June. All parents and children welcome. FNF, 37 Carden Road, SE15. Tel. 01-639 5362.

ICA EVENTS, THE MALL, SW1 18 June 7.30. Nigel Forman and Tam Dalyell discuss 'Political Realities' with Sir Kelvin Spencer in the last of the Nuclear Future debates. Tkts £1. 01-930 3647.

PALESTINIAN EDUCATION: Prof. Ibrahim Abu-Lughod will speak about the Open University for all Palestinians at 7 p.m. on Tuesday 17 June at Friends House, Euston Rd. Combined with AGM of Friends of Birzeit University (starts 6.30 p.m.).

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE: Sunday lectures on religion and philosophy. Enquiries: 06285 26464.

TRADE UNIONS. A Socialist analysis of their uses and limitations. Thursday, 19 June 8 pm. Abbey Community Centre, Belsize Rd, NW6 (corner Abbey Rd). Questions. Discussions. The Socialist Party of Great Britain.

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ONLY 4 MORE PERFS IN ALL. MUST END NEXT MONTH

Olivier : Tues , Wed 17 , 18 June at 7.30

Ibsen's great classic

THE WILD DUCK

in a version by **Christopher Hampton**

"A tremendous play"

(James Fenton, S. Times)

STANDBY : any unsold seats £3 in 45 mins before start

NT NATIONAL THEATRE
01-928 2252
Credit cards 01-928 3052

Practical Poetry Course
26 June-1 July

Tutored by the poets **Pete Morgan & Michael Baldwin.**

£50 residential. Brochure from: **Arvon, Sheepwash, Devon. (040 923 338).**

ASSOCIATION FOR GROUP AND INDIVIDUAL PSYCHOTHERAPY TRAINING COURSE 1980-1983

Applicants, analysed or intending to have analysis with a recognised psychotherapist and having academic or professional experience relevant to working with people. The three year course comprises weekly seminars, ongoing groups, supervision for first patients.

Write to: **The Secretary, AGIP, 29 St Marks Crescent, London NW1.**

ARVON FOUNDATION
POETRY
with
ABIGAIL MOZLEY and ELAINE RANDELL
30 June-5 July

The fee for five day residential course is £50 inclusive. For details of this and other courses write or ring **Lumb Bank, Hebden Bridge, W. Yorks, HX7 6DF. (042284) 3714.**

MARXISM INTO THE 80s
4-11 JULY

A week-long summer school of Marxist discussion & debate. 17 courses, 170 lectures, debates & workshops. Courses include, British Labour History, Ireland, Sexual Politics, Middle East, Womens Liberation, Intro to Marxism, Reform or Rev, & more. Plus films, bands, discos, theatre groups – all for £9.00 at the Polytechnic of North London.

For Brochure write to SWSO, PO Box 82, London E2 8DN. 01-986 8355.

Organised by the SOCIALIST WORKER STUDENT ORGANISATION.

The Labour Party March and Rally

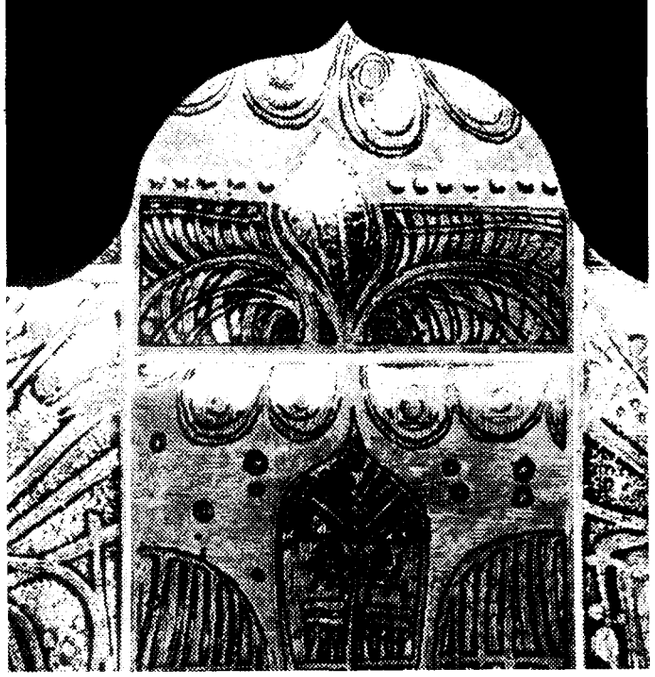
NUCLEAR ARMS NO

PEACE YES

Assemble 12 noon
Belvedere Road South Bank
Rally 3 p.m.
Hyde Park
Sunday 22 June

THIRD WORLD BIENNALE OF GRAPHIC ART

18 June - 12 July 1980
IRAQI CULTURAL CENTRE
177 Tottenham Court Road London W.1
Mon-Sat 10-5 Admission Free



WHICH SOCIETY HAS TONY BENN AND SHIRLEY WILLIAMS AS ACTIVE MEMBERS?

THE FABIANS

Why don't you join us too?

To: Dianne Hayter, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, London SW1. Please send me details of membership.

Name..... NS4

Address .....

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